* July 18, 1953

THE NEW YORKER

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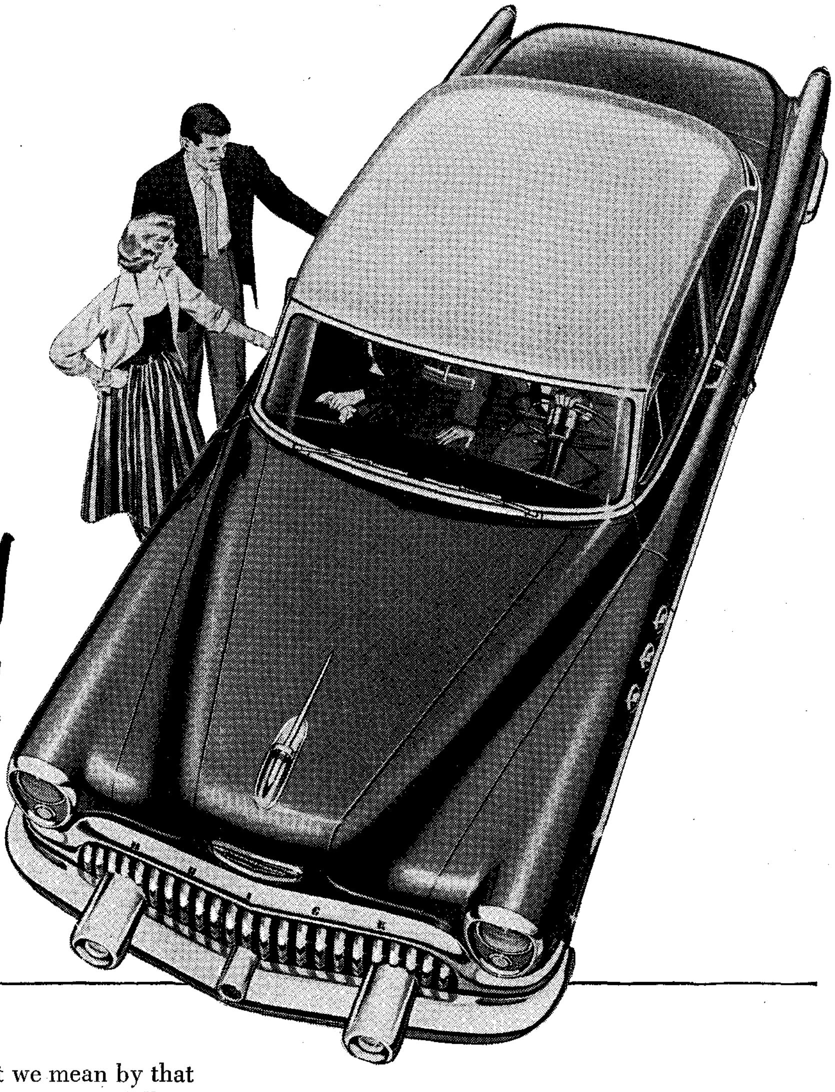

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Dial "M" for Murder—A taut English melodrama, by Frederick Knott, about a man who hires an old college mate to murder his wife. Maurice Evans is very sinister and urbane in the leading role. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fifth Season—Fun among the denizens of the garment belt on Seventh Avenue, with Menasha Skulnik providing most of the laughs. Richard Whorf shares the showroom with Mr. Skulnik. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—An excellent comedy, derived by Sam and Bella Spewack from a French original, which concerns some droll convicts in Cayenne who want to see justice done according to their own eccentric notions. José Ferrer has directed the piece briskly, Boris Aronson has contrived an admirable set, and Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler fulfill the authors' fondest expectations. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Picnic—Sex running like a grass fire through the lives of some ladies in a Kansas town. A fine play by William Inge, which was directed by Joshua Logan and has Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin in its cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Seven Year Itch—A very jolly comedy, by George Axelrod, dealing with a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Oddly enough, he succeeds in the seduction—to use the word frivolously—of a most appetizing girl. As played by Tom Ewell, the protagonist is completely ingratiating, and as his inamorata, Vanessa Brown makes a beguiling case for the younger set. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—The choreography by Michael Kidd, the scenery by Jo Mielziner, and Motley's costumes are chiefly responsible for the appeal of this play about Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics, Abe Burrows did the book, and the cast is distinguished by the presence of Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—That favorite theme, backstage life, has now been given the Rodgers and Hammerstein treatment. The best things about the result are lively choreography by Robert Alton and the inventive settings by Jo Mielziner, a busy man around town these days. The cast is headed by Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—On its third time around, the Gershwin folk opera seems brighter than ever. With Porgy played alternately by LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes, Bess by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos, Sportin' Life by Cab Calloway, and Crown by John McCurry, the music and attendant uproar are in good hands. Directed by Robert Breen, the revival has the services of Alexander Smallens as conductor. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wonderful Town—"My Sister Eileen" again, on this occasion with music by Leonard Bernstein, lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and direction by George Abbott. Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, who dramatized the Ruth McKenney stories in the first place, concocted the lively book, and Rosalind Russell proves to be a versatile comedienne, with plenty of humor to compensate for a rather sketchy knowledge of singing and dancing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the king and i:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein view of Siam. Yul Brynner is the King; Constance Carpenter is the English teacher. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Edwin Booth could never forgive himself for passing up the lead in this musical when it opened. Now with Martha Wright and George Britton. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wish you were here:** Life in a summer resort in the Catskills. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, Leo de Lyon, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Theatre—Johann Strauss's operetta "A Night in Venice" in the Michael Todd manner—viz., swimmers, acrobats, gondolas, floating pageants, and pyrotechnics. Jack Russell, Nola Fairbanks, and Thomas Hayward head the huge cast. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-9220.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, July 18: Edward Everett Horton in "Nina." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: Claire Luce in "Bell, Book and Candle." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Bar Harbor—Through Saturday, July 18: "The Moon Is Blue." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: Sonny Tufts in "The Milky Way." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, July 18: "The Heiress." Wednesday through Saturday, July 22-25: Three one-act plays, "St. Simeon," "Fumed Oak," and "This Way to Me." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 18: "Annie Get Your Gun." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: Ella Raines in "I Am a Camera." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 18: "Girl Crazy." Starting Monday, July 20: "Kiss Me, Kate." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, July 18: Marlon Brando in "Arms and the Man." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: Wally Cox in "Three Men on a Horse." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 5:30.)

Corning—Through Saturday, July 18: "See How They Run." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "The Happy Time." (Corning Summer Theatre, Corning Glass Center, Corning, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 18: Betty Furness in "Affairs of State." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: June Havoc in "Strike a Match." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 18: "Here Today." Thursday through Saturday, July 23-25: Leo G. Carroll in "The Bishop Misbehaves." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Sunday, July 19: Billie Burke in "Life with Mother." Tuesday through Sunday, July 21-26: Wayne Morris in "Mister Roberts." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, July 19: "The Moon Is Blue." Tuesday through Sunday, July 21-26: "Ten Little Indians." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 18: Dagmar and Arthur Treacher in "Loco." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "Call Me Madam." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, July 18: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "Brigadoon." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 18: Ethel Waters in "The Member of the Wedding." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: Marlon Brando in "Arms and the Man." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 19: "Music in the Air." Tuesday through Sunday,

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July 21-26: "Song of Norway." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, July 19: "The Importance of Being Earnest." Tuesday through Sunday, July 21-26: To be announced. (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 18: Carol Channing in "Pygmalion." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: Alexis Smith and Victor Jory in "Bell, Book and Candle." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 18: Betty Field in "Second Fiddle." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "Kiss and Tell." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, July 19: Lee Grant in "The Country Girl." Tuesday through Sunday, July 21-26: "Affairs of State." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Moylan—Thursday and Friday, July 16-17, at 8:30: "Too True to Be Good." Saturday, July 18, at 7:30: "Man and Superman." Tuesday and Wednesday, July 21-22, at 8:30: "Too True to Be Good." Thursday, July 23, at 8:30: "Arms and the Man." Friday, July 24, at 7:30: "Man and Superman." Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: "Too True to Be Good." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 18: Philip Bourneuf in "Goodbye Again." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "Old Acquaintance." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 18: "One Thing After Another," a new revue. Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: Billie Burke in "Life with Mother." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, July 18: Alexis Smith and Victor Jory in "Bell, Book and Candle." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "Mister Roberts." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 18: Zachary Scott in "The Moon Is Blue." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "Carousel." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 19: "The Milky Way." Tuesday through Sunday, July 21-26: "Midsummer." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 25: "Gramercy Ghost." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 18: "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "I Have Been Here Before." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, July 18: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: Viveca Lindfors and Barry Sullivan in "Bell, Book and Candle." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, July 18: "Mister Roberts." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 18: "Claudia." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "Mister Roberts." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, July 18: "Room Service." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "Angel Street." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, July 18: "The Curious Savage." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "Remember Me?," a new play. (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Mondays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 18: Fay Bainter in "The Velvet Glove." Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: "The Marquise." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sturbridge—In an outdoor amphitheatre—Starting Saturday, July 18: Clifford Harvuot, Adelaide Bishop, Luigi Vellucci, and Joshua Wheeler in "The Devil and Daniel Webster," the music play by Stephen Vincent Benét and Douglas Moore. (Old Sturbridge Village, Sturbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Through Sunday, Aug. 30.)

Westhampton Beach—Monday through Wednesday, July 20-22: Leo G. Carroll in "The Bishop Misbehaves." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Mondays through Wednesdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 18: "What About Maisie?," a new comedy. Monday through Saturday, July 20-25: Ezio Pinza in "The Play's the Thing." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 19: "Mr. Pim Passes By." Tuesday through Sunday, July 21-26: "Black Chiffon." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Thursday through Saturday, July 16-18: John Butler's company, Iva Kitchell, and others. Thursday through Saturday, July 23-25: Alicia Markova, Myra Kinch, and La Meri and Di Falco. (Lee, Mass. Thursdays at 4, and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

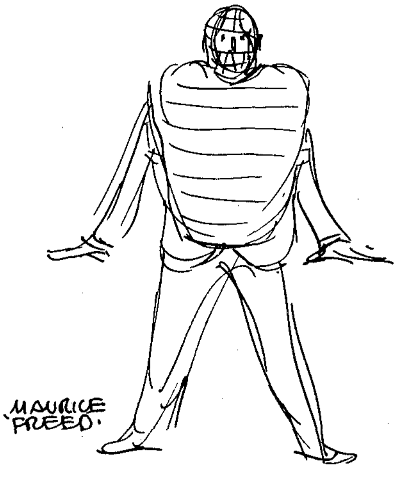
(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra strums away at dinner and supper, except Sundays, in the opulent Garden, which is well shaded, being a quarter of a mile beneath Park Avenue. Now and again, there's even concert piano.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Perched above a mighty expanse of dance floor, Sammy Kaye's orchestra makes music for any number of small fry. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Still a favorite watering place for people who like to stare at each other instead of at a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sundays.



New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—If you feel you've got to see an ice show, there's one here in the Terrace Room. It involves a minimum of plot and a maximum of long-legged lady skaters. Bernie Cummins' orchestra does the music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Every night, in the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room is a well-appointed retreat from plenty of things. It's filled with Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dancing in the Grill to Lenny Herman's quintet and other music. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, an airy bower next to and second best only to Heaven, vibrates gently to the music of Milt Shaw's band. Most of the little angels on the dance floor, you'll notice, are turned out by Balenciaga. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the cocktail lounge, a quartet plays from cocktails through supper. There's dancing after nine. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Oh, it keeps the kiddies from listening in on the all-night disc-jockey sessions. One of Hugo Pedell's cheery little orchestras and a rumba band do the dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Dancing in an almost rural outdoors after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays if the weather is at all virtuous.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Some very funny people, notably Fay DeWitt, Georgie Kaye, and Lou Nelson, and some very beautiful ones, notably Margie Duncan, are mixed up in the local George White musical comedy, in which their actions fortunately sometimes speak louder than their words. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Magic nights in the gardens of Granada, with the music of Los Chavales de España and the dances of Trini Reyes. The scene is actually the staid old Starlight Roof, where Emil Coleman's band and Mischa Borr's boys reel out dance music for the customers. Sundays, there's no show, but Mr. Borr's band plays until twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a cloud top the size of the Gulf of Mexico but considerably cooler at this stage of the year, affords cocktails and modest non-dance music from four to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who dates back to the Magna Carta, is still rattling off his smooth, débutante-speed dance tunes after eight-thirty. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Life the way it looked (and especially sounded) when Al Capone, rather than Al Capp, was a national monument. Except Sundays, Johnny Mehegan plays truly cerebral piano at dinner and (alternating with Marshall Grant, another stout fellow) at supper. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney begins his piano recital, which is perky without being obtrusive, around nine every night but Monday. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Surrounded by a certain subdued splendor, Addison Bailey caresses the piano during dinner and supper except Sun-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days, when John Kelley, Jr., looks in. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins from Manhattan and the old country mingled in a pleasant outburst of Spanish song and dance, in the latter of which the clients can join. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche*, Herman Arminski turns out cocktail piano, and Rudy Timfield turns out dinner and supper piano. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Sedate fun on a campus where the boy and girl students all like to sing and play the piano. There are sofas and armchairs from which to watch these commencement exercises.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The show here goes on for days. Along the way, Dominique does an entertaining job of rifling the patrons' pockets, Jimmy Nelson turns in a miraculous spot of ventriloquism, and Joyce Bryant writhes like the serpent of the Nile as she gets some tormented ballads out of her system. There's a new set of chorus girls, too, all with the surprised, look-Ma-I'm-dancing air that is traditional here. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): This gatekeeper's lodge for the George Washington Bridge affords a Jerseyite's-eye view of the timeless Hudson and the topless towers of New Ilium, N.Y., to say nothing of songs by Frances Faye and comedy and dancing by the Will Mastin trio, along with Sammy Davis, Jr.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A fairly mad midsummer night's dream is cooked up by Orson Bean, a most uncollegiate wit from Harvard; the Three Riffs, gentle spoofers of practically everything; and Ceil Cabot, the most enchanting new featherbrain of the year. The music, dulcet and happy, comes from the fluent throat of Felicia Sanders, a Hollywood moppet; the double piano of Eadie and Rack; and the solo piano of Bart Howard. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Jane Dulo recounts the joys and tribulations of being a lady wrestler; Marshall Izen takes German and Italian opera for a breakneck joy ride; and the childish trebles of the Jackson Sisters play charming tricks with their jump tunes. The background is the music of the unique Norman Paris trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Young hopefuls (Mildred Cook, a comedienne, and Robert Held, a singer) have the floor here. She's off Sundays; he's off Mondays. As always, there's double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies on Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer sings, in her sad, loving voice, her very special *chansons d'amour* for a very special audience. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Her nest is upstairs over the febrile Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A community playhouse where everyone (including the waiters and the audience) gets into the act of everyone else before day breaks. Mae Barnes sings rampageously, Alice Ghostley and G. Wood sing sardonically, Jimmie Daniels sings sentimentally, and Tiger Haines (of the frantic instrumental trio called the Three Flames) sings existentially. There is also Oliver Wakefield, a remarkably disconnected after-dinner speaker. Garland Wilson and Norene Tate, of course, are at the two pianos. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josh White, armed with his trusty guitar, is fighting the battle of Jericho every evening in this noisy bull ring. Starting Monday, July 20, he will be supplanted by the Mills Brothers. Roy Eldridge's quartet functions for dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his hot-rod trumpet dominate the proceedings. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, and Mr. Condon provide him with glittering support, and Joe Sullivan plays pungent piano while these boys are outside fanning themselves. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The new evening star named Barbara Carroll rises at midnight. Her piano, which is progressive tempered with tenderness, is the main event of her trio (Joe Shulman and Herb Wasserman). Jo Jones' collection of freebooters (Tyree Glenn, Hank Jones, and Tommy Potter) romp from six to twelve; Eddie Heywood's light-fingered piano paces his own trio from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, a throwback to the days when Chicago really was that toddlin' town, has brought his band East for a spell. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which involves Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore, is putting out just about the best and most traditional jazz to be heard on this onetime street of dreams. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): There's an almost hypnotic rapport between audience and performer in this odd temple of outlandish arts. The shrill music comes from Illinois Jacquet's band and Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra, and the songs come from Georgia Carr. Mondays are jam-session nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): There's free-wheeling music in the echo-chamber grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until two or so, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. Conrad Janis and his tailgaters are responsible. On Sunday, July 19, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, there'll be a jam session in which Billy Butterfield and pals will help out. Dancing. . . . **BANDBOX,** 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): A vast grotto, where, amid millions of microphones, Duke Ellington's and Count Basie's big, brash bands send forth solid walls of sound as each tries to outblow the other. On Tuesday, July 21, George Shearing's quintet replaces the Ellington boys. Closed Mondays. . . . **JACK DEMPSEY'S,** 1619 Broadway (CO 5-7875): The music here is served in piping-hot Dixie style by George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and other bright birds of that feather. They are on hand after eleven every evening but Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the ultra-modern Douglas Duke trio wings off into the wild blue yonder. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): On Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, the *agents provocateurs* should be Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Bobby Hackett, Miff Mole, Bud Freeman, Vic Dickenson, Cliff Jackson, Tommy Benford, and Jimmy Rushing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, the thunder and lightning will probably be the handiwork of Red Allen, Roy Eldridge, Johnny Windhurst, Benny Morton, Jimmy Archey, Freddy Moore, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing on Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

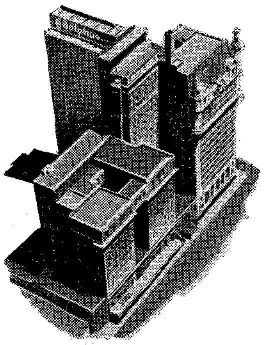
GALLERIES

LANDSCAPES OF FRANCE—Oils and other works, chosen with a good eye for charm, by an array of artists that ranges from Claude Lorrain to the Impressionists; through Sept. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.)

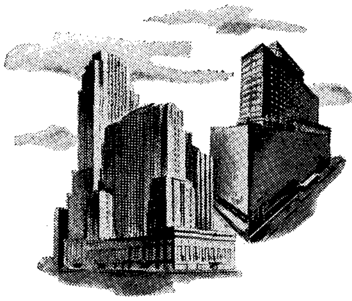
PRIMITIVE MEDICINE—A generally engrossing collection of masks, amulets, and more practical implements used by primitive tribes for the purpose of healing; through July 31. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: A minor survey of art in this country over the last hundred years, with canvases by Whistler, Eakins, Prendergast, and others, as well as by eighteen present-day artists; through Aug. 31. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 61 E. 57th St.: Milton Avery, Adja Yunkers, Calvin Alberts, and others of the gallery's group in a showing of water colors, oils, prints, and sculptures; through Aug. 31. . . . **HACKER,** 24 W. 58th St.: New abstractions by Roy Newell, and other oils by Charles Semser and Hugh Weiss; through Sept. 7. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB,** 15 Gramercy Park: The annual summer members' show, with over a hundred works in a variety of mediums; through Sept. 7. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors, by such gallery members as Leo Quanchi, Joseph Kaplan, and Charles Heidenreich, all of which have been exhibited in museum shows; through July 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: "Fact and Fantasy, 1953" is the name of this summer show, which has oils by Peter Busa, William Halsey, A. H. Maurer, and eleven others; through Aug. 14. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: Mostly new, unshown sculptures and constructions in stone, wood, steel, and other mediums, by Clark Winter, Sahl Swarz, William Muir, Dorothea Greenbaum, and others; through July 18. (Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

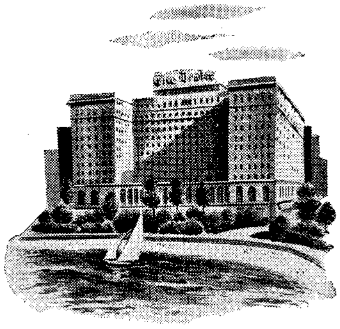
AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FEIGL,** 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: The first exhibition in this country of paintings by Alexandre Garbell, plus recent works by Yoram Kaniuk, Bruno Krauskopf, and



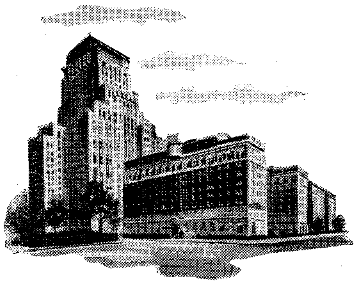
DALLAS
The Adolphus



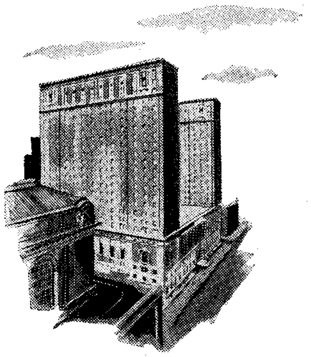
CINCINNATI
Netherland Plaza & Terrace Plaza



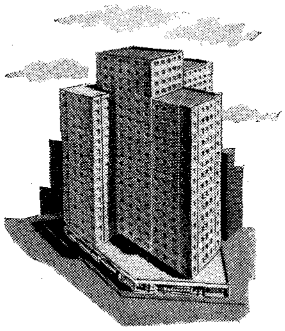
CHICAGO
The Drake



ST. LOUIS
Chase & Park Plaza



NEW YORK
Hotel Commodore



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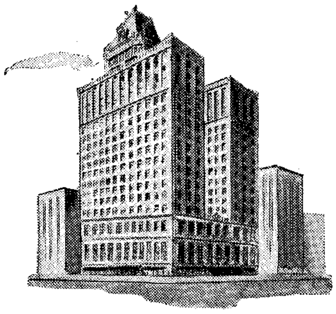
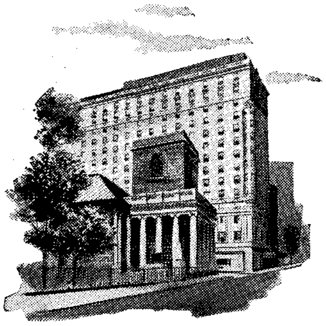


BALTIMORE
Lord Baltimore



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BOSTON: **Parker House**	BS 593
CHICAGO: **The Drake**	CG 1586
CINCINNATI: **Netherland Plaza and Terrace Plaza**	CI 244
DALLAS: **The Adolphus**	DL 511
NEW YORK: **Hotel Commodore**	NY-1-2477
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ST. LOUIS: ***The Chase & Park Plaza***	SL 409

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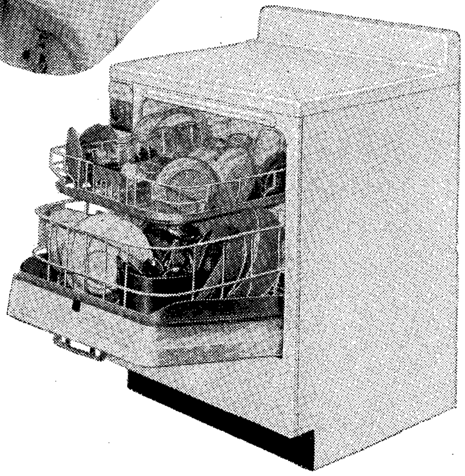

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

others; through July 22. . . . **HUGO,** 26 E. 55th St.: Recent water colors and drawings composed in a mixture of styles by about twenty artists, including Frederico Pallavicini, Richard De Menocal, and Anthony Gross; through Aug. 28. . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: This show combines the paintings and sculptures of Americans (Erle Loran, Joseph Glasco, Kay Sage, and others) with those of such Italians as Afro, Leonardo Cremonini, and Renato Birolli; through July 24.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **CADBY-BIRCH,** 21 E. 63rd St.: Twenty or so paintings by Campigli, Miori, Morandi, and others whose work was displayed here last winter; through July 31. . . . **THE CONTEMPORARIES,** 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Eighteen lithographs by as many artists, in a survey ranging from an 1890 Degas to a 1953 De Staël, and including examples by Renoir, Bonnard, Vuillard, Klee, and Picasso; through July 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A selection, from the Museum's collection, of Winslow Homer's water colors on the subject of vacations, plus an oil called "In the White Mountains;" through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Hundreds of archeological items and art objects from Israeli collections, many of them only recently discovered in Palestine, in an exhibit that traces the history of Biblical countries from prehistoric times through the Byzantine period. Included are a seven-ton porphyry statue of a Roman emperor (circa 200 A.D.), a Neanderthal skull, and ancient manuscripts, implements, weapons, and pottery. Also seventy-five paintings by Reuven Rubin, Moshe Mokady, and five other Israeli artists. Both shows are travelling exhibitions presented by the American Fund for Israel Institutions. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An absorbing display of Rembrandt paintings, drawings, and prints, most of them from the Museum's collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," a handsome, informative loan show, documenting the development of modern sculpture since the turn of the century; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Mondrian, Klee, and Brancusi are among those represented in a showing of oils and sculptures that have been left to the Museum by Katherine S. Dreier; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A group of American prints make up another exhibit of the Museum's recent acquisitions; through Aug. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The second in a series of airings of the Museum's permanent collection of modern Europeans, particularly valuable for the number of lesser-known early figures it brings to light; through Sept. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: Oils, water colors, sculptures, and other works assembled from art schools throughout the country; through Sept. 28. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.) . . . **CANAAN, N.Y.** Berkshire Art Center: Tamayo, Laufman, and Rattner are some of the artists on the roster here in an exhibit of over sixty oils in a variety of styles; through Sept. 5. (Daily, 3 to 6.) . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: An exhibition of works from the collections of East Hampton residents; through July 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Tuesday evenings, 7 to 10; Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, 8:30 to 10.) . . . **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: New York and Connecticut artists are the contributors to the annual summer jury show here; through July 26. (Daily, 1 to 5, and Friday evenings until 9.) . . . **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: A mixed-mediums show that includes pieces by Garrett Price, Kenneth Bates, Rob-

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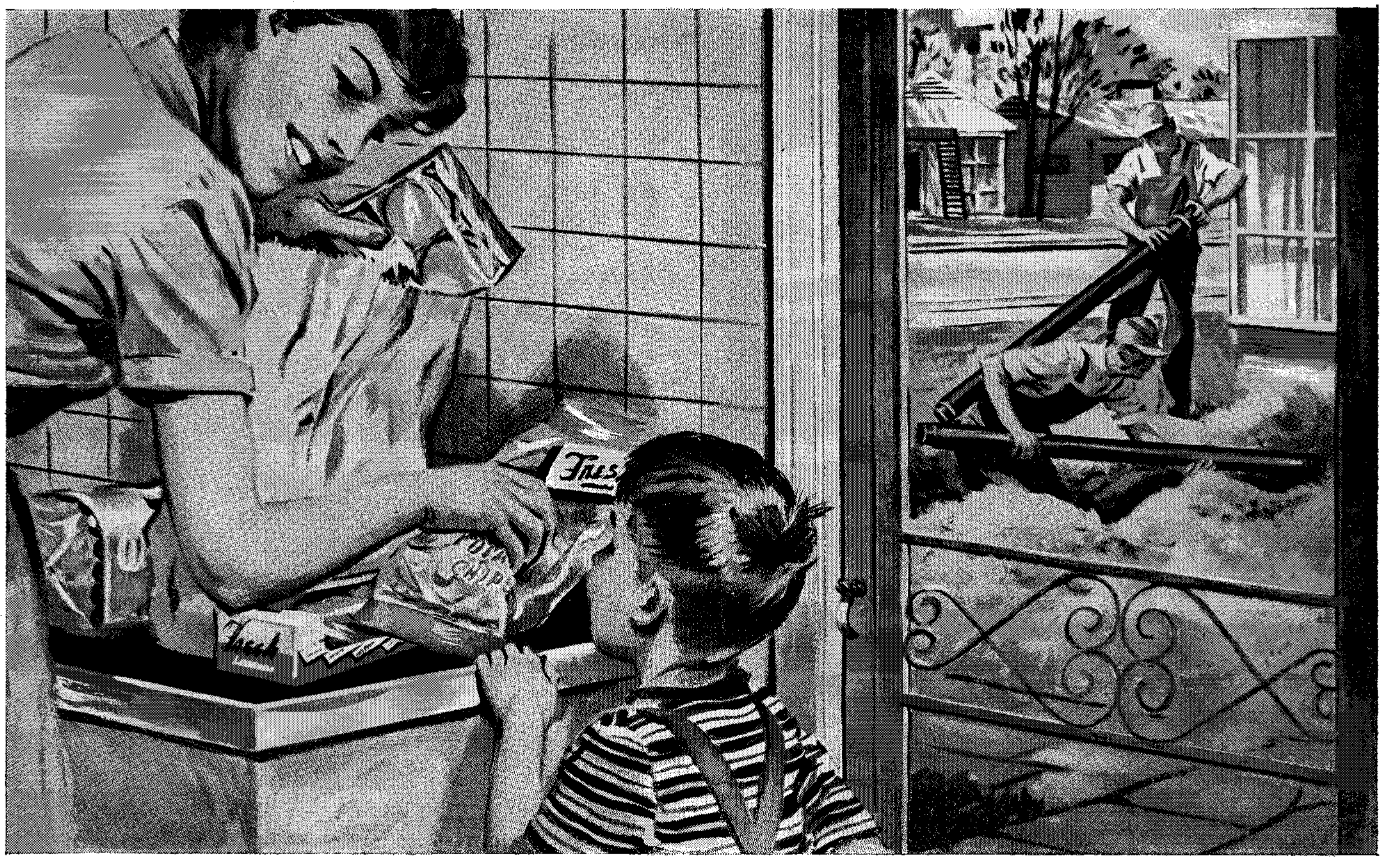

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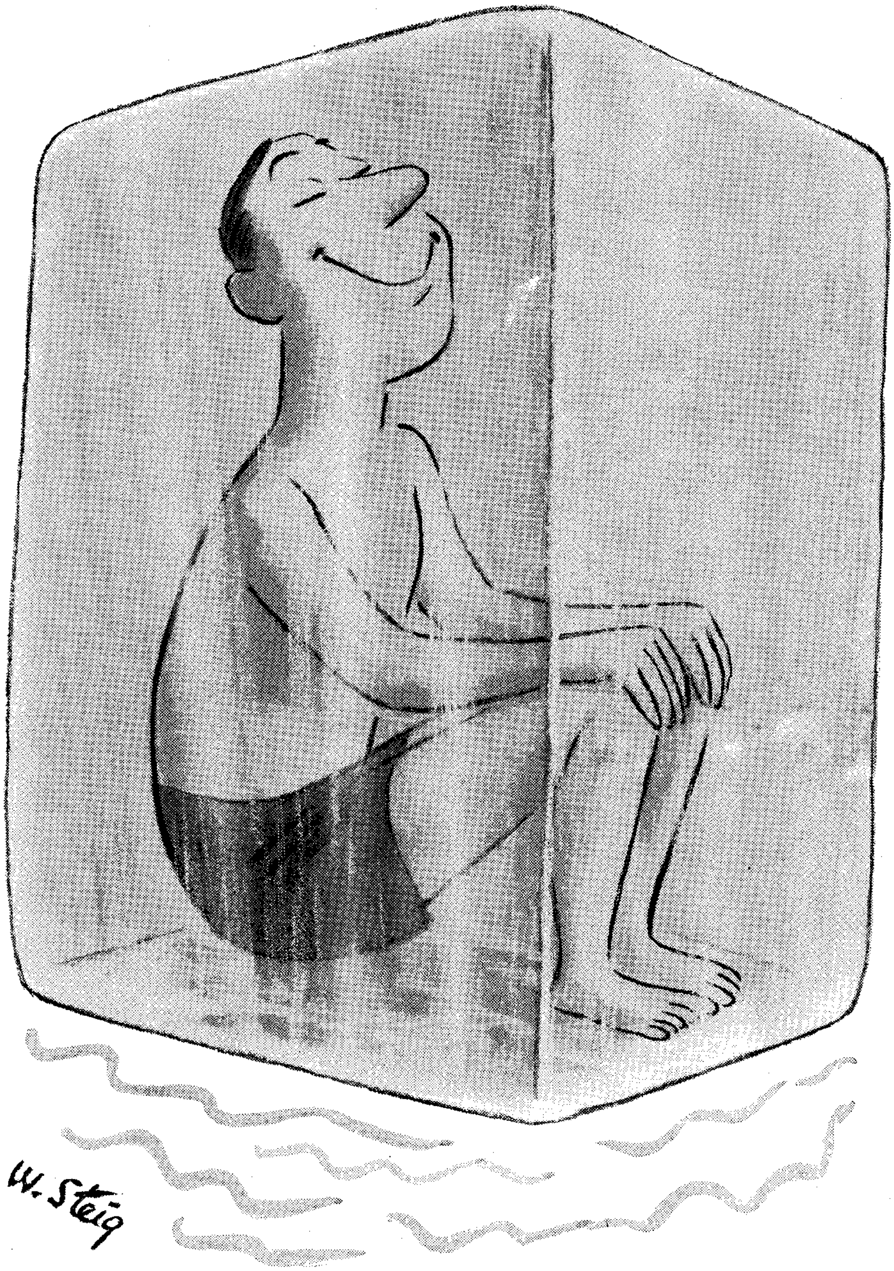

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ert Brackman, and others; through Aug. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30.) . . . **NEWPORT, R.I.** Art Association of Newport: The annual group show, this one with paintings and sculptures by contemporary American artists; through July 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Robert Laurent, Henry Strater, Edward Betts, William Zorach—around fifty artists in all—represented by oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures; through July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 12 and 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: Over four hundred oils and water colors by Roy Keister, John Costigan, Arthur Crisp, Eugene Higgins, and around a hundred and fifty others; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Kootz Gallery: Paintings and sculptures by Baziotes, Bultman, Dubuffet, and others who are regularly shown at the Kootz Gallery in New York; starting July 18. (Daily, 2 to 6.) . . . ¶ Provincetown Art Association: Chiefly oils, drawings, and water colors, by Sol Wilson, George Yater, Hans Hofmann, Karl Knaths, and a host of others; through July 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: The first section of the Association's thirty-third annual, comprising paintings, graphics, and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Ted Kautzky, Jerri Ricci, Arnold Knauth, and Iver Rose; through July 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.) . . . **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Museum: A loan show in two parts, with twenty paintings owned by James Thrall Soby, and a collection of about forty water colors and gouaches, from the Museum of Modern Art; through July 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 12:30 and 1:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Ganso Gallery: A set of fifty drawings, called "The Lovers," executed last winter by William Pachner in Florida, plus a group of oils by, among others, Edward Chavez, Bruce Currie, and Alex Redein; starting July 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ Woodstock Artists Association: A show of paintings and sculptures considered by the Association to be too little known; through July 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30; Sundays, 11 to 3.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 16: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of Italian music, with Herva Nelli, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; Frank Guarrera, baritone; and the Collegiate Chorale. . . . ¶ Monday, July 20: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Roman Totenberg, violin, and Gordon Manley, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 21: Miguel Sandoval conducting, with José Greco and his Spanish dancers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 22: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Michael Rosenker, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Brahms program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25: Julius Rudel conducting a program of Viennese music with Jarmila Novotna, soprano, and Charles Kullman, tenor. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 1. In the event of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

OPERA—By the **LEMONADE OPERA:** "Don Pedro," by Mozart, with an English libretto by Joseph Longstreth. (Lemonade Opera, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9831. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.) . . . **SALMAGGI OPERA:** "Carmen" is tentatively scheduled as the second in a series of six Saturday-night performances. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, July 18, at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sun-

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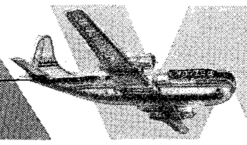

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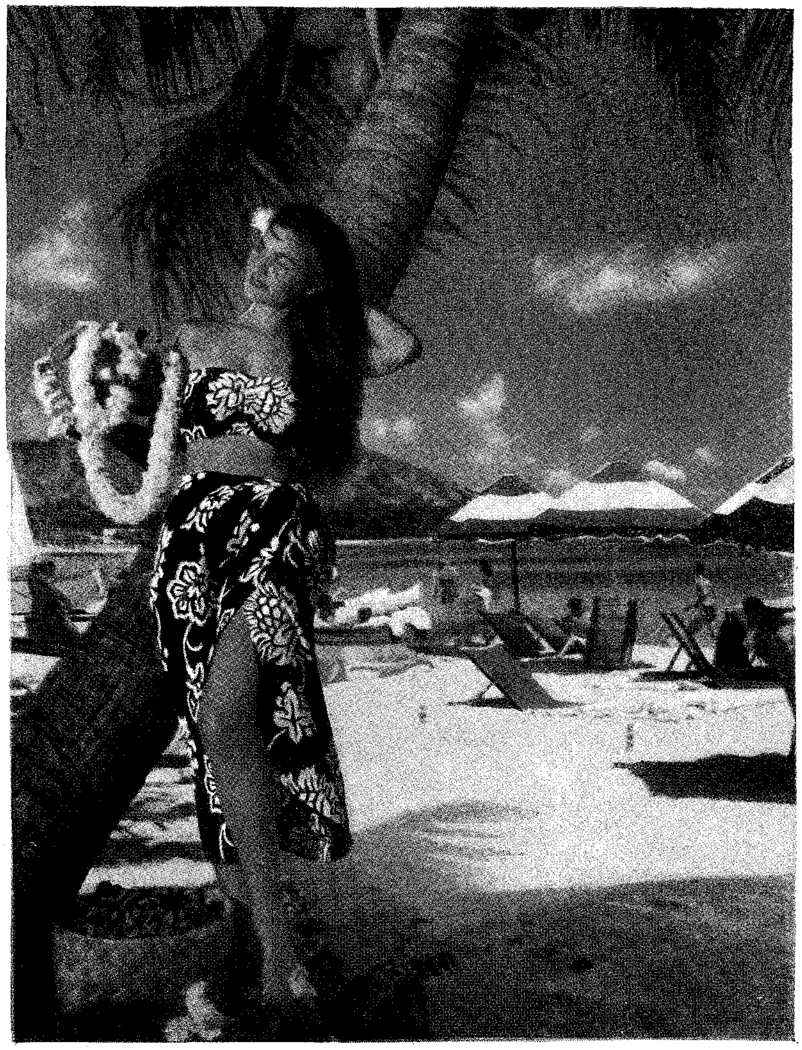

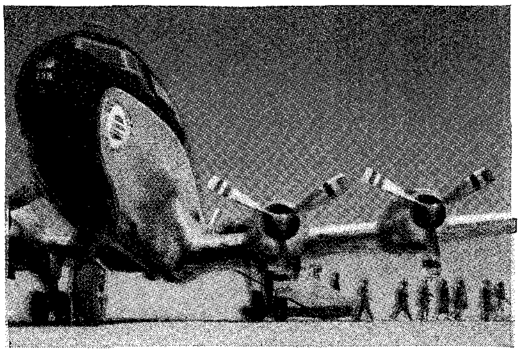

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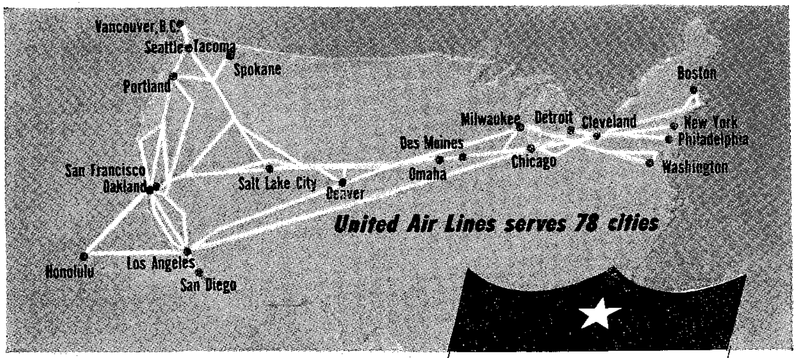
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 16.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Charles Münch conducting the Boston Symphony—Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: An all-Mozart program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 2:30: An all-Mozart program, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: An all-Haydn program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 2:30: With Vera Zorina narrating a cantata by Lukas Foss. (Theatre-Concert Hall, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. The Festival will continue through Sunday, Aug. 16.)

NEW HAVEN POPS CONCERTS—Frank Brieff conducting the New Haven Symphony Orchestra in an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Eugene List, piano; the third in a series of six concerts. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Tuesday, July 21, at 8:15.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4; through Sept. 6.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, July 16, at 8; Friday, July 17, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); and Saturday, July 18, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Sunday, July 19, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Monday, July 20, at 8; Tuesday, July 21, at 1:30; Wednesday, July 22, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); and Thursday, July 23, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Friday, July 24, at 8, and Saturday, July 25, at 1:30. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Chicago, Thursday, July 16, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 18, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Milwaukee, Sunday, July 19, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, July 21, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday, July 24, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 25, at 1:30.

GOLF—Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (Greenwich Country Club, Greenwich. Monday, July 20.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Fenway Golf Club, White Plains. Wednesday through Saturday, July 22-25.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—**BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase. . . . **BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury.

RACING—**EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA:** Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, July 18. The Questionnaire Handicap, Saturday, July 18. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track Monday through Friday between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **SARATOGA AT JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, July 20, through Saturday, Aug. 1. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 25. (The train schedule will remain the same.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Monday, Aug. 10. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 81, W. 42nd St., at 11:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

TENNIS—Eastern Seniors' Championships. (Inwood Country Club, Inwood, L.I. Saturday, July 18, through Sunday, July 26.) . . . ¶ Pennsylvania and Eastern States Grass Court Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Monday through Sunday, July 20-26.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 29.

YACHTING—Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 17-18.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 18, through Saturday, July 25.) . . . ¶ Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 24-25.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Band Wagon—Some good old songs and some lively new dances help make this new Astaire picture diverting. The Master is aided by Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Breaking the Sound Barrier—Exciting supersonic stuff, with Sir Ralph Richardson playing an aircraft-manufacturing magnate who doesn't care what happens to his pilots as long as his jets speed along. Ann Todd is quite a help to Sir Ralph. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 22.)

Fanfan the Tulip—The France of Louis XV explained in terms of a burlesque drama in which the hero takes a page from the book of the late Douglas Fairbanks and love and war are wryly appraised. With Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida, Noel Roquevert, and Marcel Herrand. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—Wilde's magnificent farce, nicely done by a British cast that includes Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Edith Evans. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting July 22.)

Julius Caesar—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with the former showing a commendable appreciation of the majesty of the Bard's lines but too little appreciation of what the camera can do for his action. James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien read the sonorities with skill. (Booth, 222 W. 45th, CI 6-5969. Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Limelight—A long exposition of what life used to be like in the London music halls. Charles Chaplin plays an aging clown who loves a waif (Claire Bloom). Not overly entertaining, but still worth while because of the scenes in which Mr. Chaplin lets his comic sense override his urge to philosophize. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting July 17.)

The Moon Is Blue—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy about a girl from Brooklyn who talks too much about her virginity. Sporadically entertaining. Maggie McNamara, William Holden, David Niven, and Dawn Addams are in the cast. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Moulin Rouge—John Huston's highly decorative description of the career of Toulouse-Lautrec, which includes some of the best color photography you've ever laid your eyes on. José Ferrer is cast as the artist and Colette Marchand gives him estimable support as the most important lady in his life. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 17. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through July 18. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 19, tentative.)

A Queen Is Crowned—A documentary that should, if you've seen a paper within the last year, hardly come as a surprise, but one that is done with extraordinary deftness. With an accompanying script by Christopher Fry, read by Sir Laurence Olivier. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—The melodramatic story of a number of young Italian girls who are plunged into tragedy when the stairway on which they have been standing while waiting to apply for a job collapses. Written by Cesare Zavattini and directed by Giuseppe de Santis, this Italian picture is made up of a series of vignettes, most of them incisive. Among the young ladies are Carla Del Poggio, Lea Padovani, Lucia Bose, and Elena Varzi. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Shane—How the wicked cattle raisers try to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. Elementary, but with some excellent direction by George Stevens. Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde are on the side of the sodbusting angels. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through July 21.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope—A jolly Italian film that somehow finds a lot of laughter in the poverty-stricken environs of a small town not too far from Naples. Directed by Renato Castellani, the picture has a cast made up of amateurs, but their portrayals of typical Italian citizens should make most professionals sit up and take notice. Vincenzo Musolino and Maria Fiore are the featured players. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting July 17.)

REVIVALS

The Affair Blum (1949)—A German picture depicting the effect of Hitler's racial nonsense on Munich in 1926. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 20.)

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim account of what the common soldier was up against in the original war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; July 19-21.)

Black Narcissus (1947)—Some nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, and Flora Robson. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 18.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French version of one of Dostoevski's novels. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 17.)

Day of Wrath (1948)—Witchcraft in the early seventeenth century. A Danish production, directed by Carl Dreyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting July 21.)

Gentleman's Agreement (1947)—A Hollywood assault on anti-Semitism. With Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, and John Garfield. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through July 17. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 18.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in another French interpretation of a Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 17.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 18.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; July 16.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his last fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through July 20.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 22.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18-19.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—An Italian comedy about a boy who turns the local shantytown into a popular residential area. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 20.)

My Sister Eileen (1942)—Taken from Ruth McKenney's stories of two girls in Greenwich Village. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 22.)

Pygmalion (1938)—More G.B.S. A British picture, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18-19.)

The Snake Pit (1948)—The rigors of an overcrowded mental hospital. Olivia de Havilland. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through July 17. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 18.)

Trader Horn (1931)—Heart trouble in darkest Africa. Edwina Booth and Harry Carey. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555; starting July 17.)

The Woman in the Window (1945)—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer with the best of intentions. Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea are also in it. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; July 21-22.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through July 19: "Three Women" (1924), with Pauline Frederick and May McAvoy. . . . ¶ Starting July 20: "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), with May McAvoy, Irene Rich, and Bert Lytell. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Stalag 17," William Holden, Don Taylor.

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Ride, Vaquero!," Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through July 20 (tentative): "Affair with a Stranger," Jean Simmons, Victor Mature.
From July 21 (tentative): "Second Chance," a three-dimensional film, with Robert Mitchum and Linda Darnell.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
July 16: "O.K. Nero!," Silvana Pampanini, Gino Cervi.
From July 17: **TRADER HORN**, revival; and "Sequoia," revival, Jean Parker, Russell Hardie.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"The Great Houdini," Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Scared Stiff," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE BAND WAGON.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Charge at Feather River," a three-dimensional film, with Guy Madison and Frank Lovejoy.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through July 22 (tentative): "Salome," Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton.

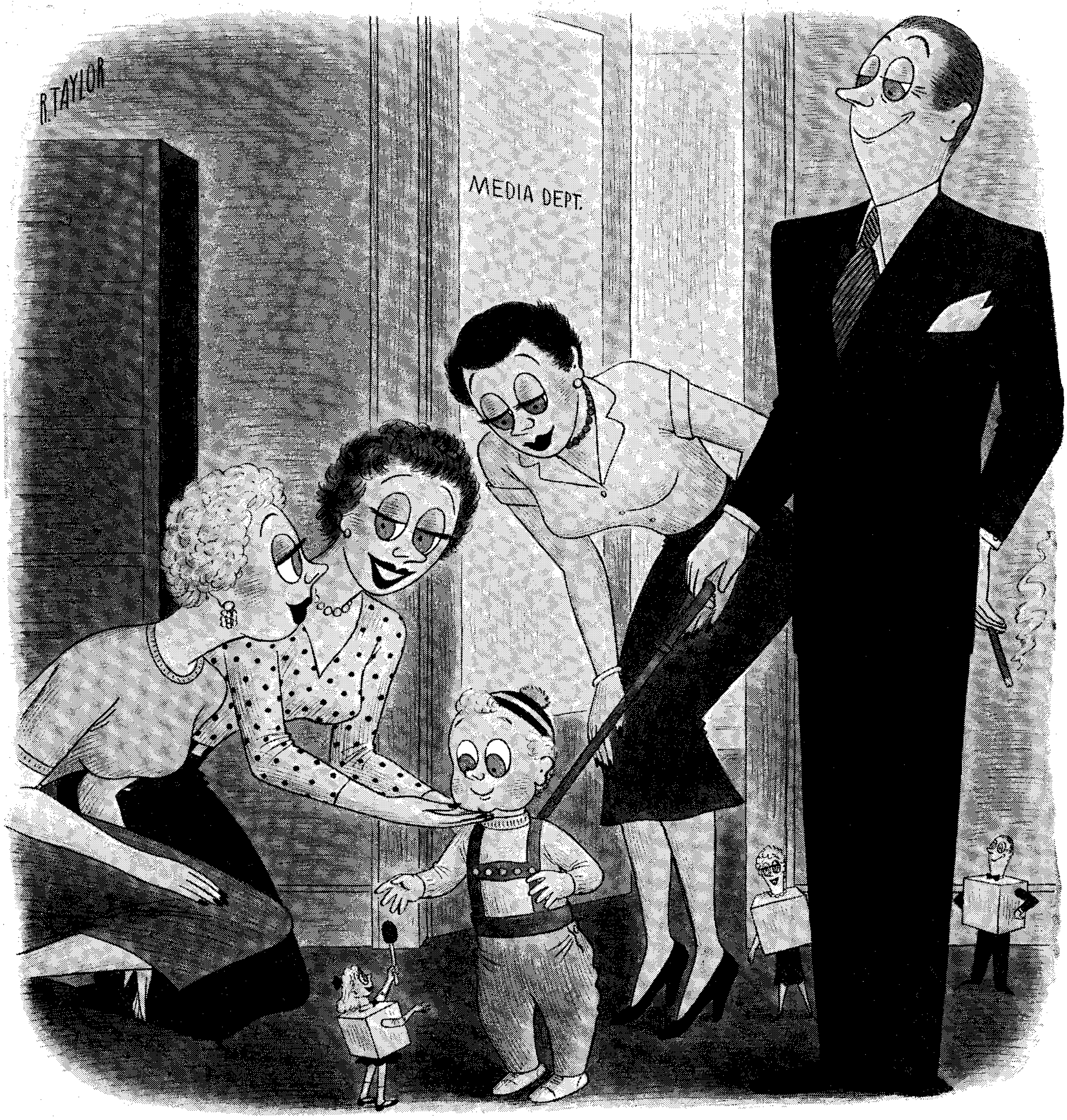
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through July 21: "It Came from Outer Space," a three-dimensional film, with Richard Carlson.
From July 22: "Arena," a three-dimensional film, with Gig Young and Polly Bergen.

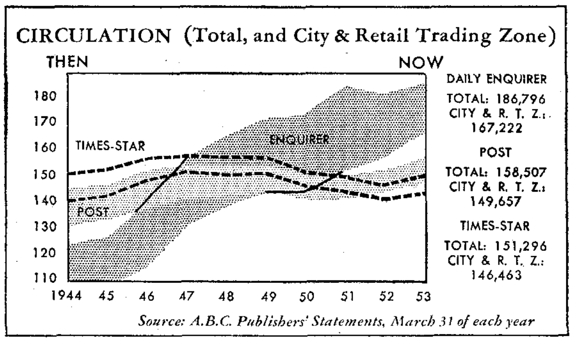
Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE MOON IS BLUE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
ROME, 11 O'CLOCK (in Italian).



"I think the cutest thing is the way he says 'Solid Cincinnati reads the Cincinnati Enquirer'"



Source: A.B.C. Publishers' Statements, March 31 of each year

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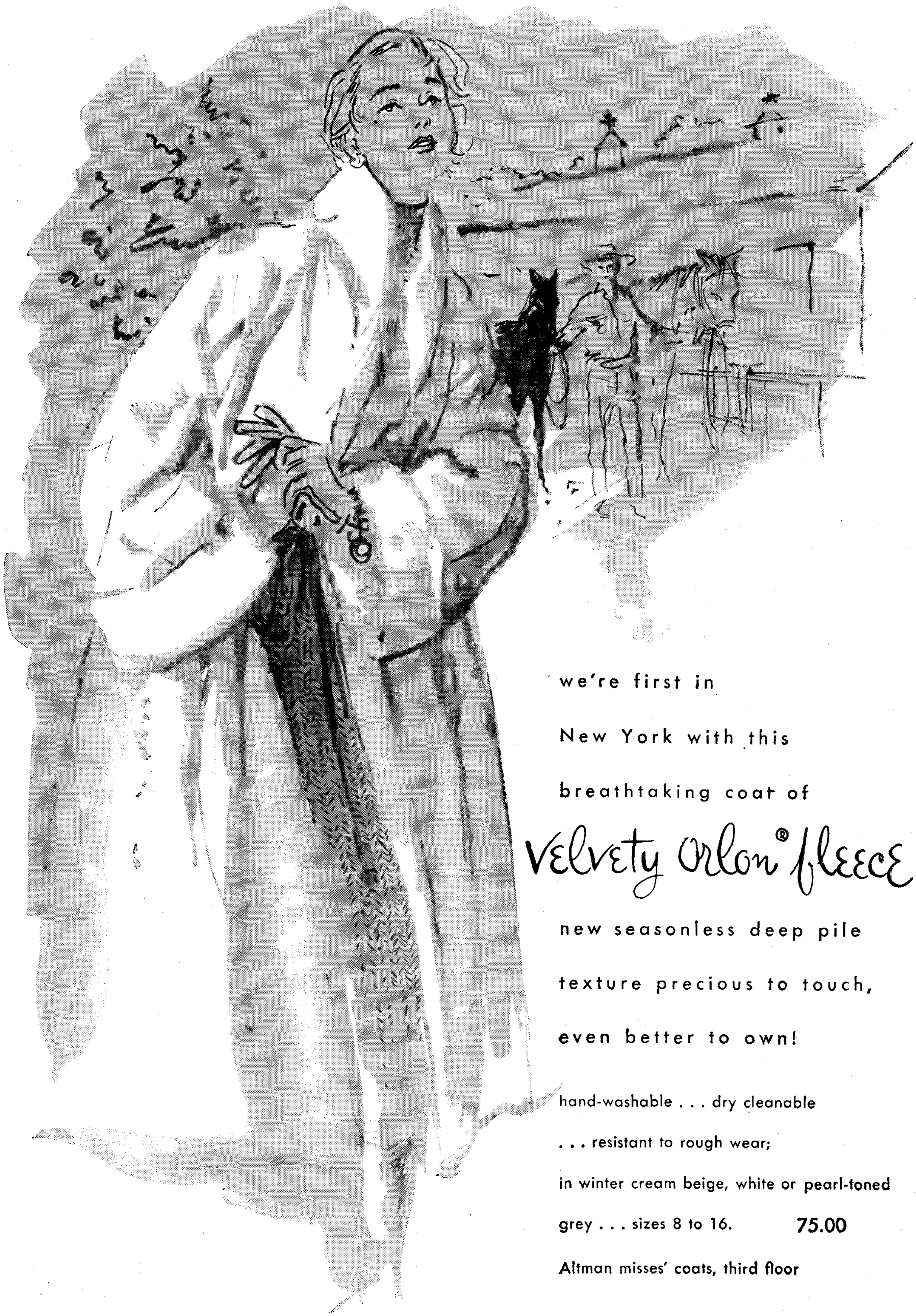

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE strong streak of insanity in railroads, which accounts for a child's instinctive feeling for them and for a man's unashamed devotion to them, is congenital; there seems to be no reason to fear that any disturbing improvement in the railroads' condition will set in. Lying at peace but awake in a Pullman berth all one hot night recently, we followed with dreamy satisfaction the familiar symphony of the cars—the diner departing (*furioso*) at midnight, the long, fever-laden silences between runs, the timeless gossip of rail and wheel during the runs, the crescendos and diminuendos, the piffling poop-pooping of the diesel's horn. For the most part, railroading is unchanged from our childhood. The water in which one washes one's face at morn is still without any real wetness, the little ladder leading to the upper is still the symbol of the tremendous adventure of the night, the green clothes hammock still sways with the curves, and there is still no foolproof place to store one's trousers.

Our journey really began several days earlier, at the ticket window of a small station in the country, when the agent showed signs of cracking under the paperwork. "It's hard to believe," he said, "that after all these years I still got to write the word 'Providence' in here every time I make out one of these things. Now, there's no possible conceivable way you could make this journey *without* going through Providence, yet the Company wants the word written in here just the same. O.K., here she goes!" He gravely wrote "Providence" in the proper space, and we experienced anew the reassurance that rail travel is unchanged and unchanging, and that it suits our temperament perfectly—a dash of lunacy, a sense of detachment, not much speed, and no altitude whatsoever.

OF course, the railroads seldom reach any such peak of confusion as the airlines occasionally manage to achieve. Even the airlines hung up a new record for themselves the other day when they not only carried a Mr. Martinez, who wanted to go to Puerto Rico, to Newfoundland but plied him with Martinis en route because he gave his name when asked by the hostess what kind of cocktail he preferred. This Mr. Martinez, aloft with Martinis and headed for Gander instead of San Juan, holds the all-time record, in our opinion, for aerial misunderstanding, cloudland chaos, and alcoholic sublimity. We held that record ourself for a number of years, having once flown in a rented Cessna monoplane through a snowstorm to Cleveland, Ohio, on the strength of a telephonic misunderstanding with a New York hostess, who (it turned out) was merely inviting us to a cocktail party in the very same building where we lived, in Manhattan. It was a nice record while it lasted, but we bow to Martinez and to Pan American Airways. We know when we've met our match.

DESPITE the headlines about book burning, we don't think book burning is the issue. The issue is body burning, or author baiting. The issue is not whether "Little Women" is suitable for the shelves of a government-supported library but whether, in the course of a Senate investigation to discover if the library is functioning well, Louisa May Alcott can properly be required to appear before the senators and be called on to defend her virtue (and perhaps lose it) because a librarian of whom she has never heard happened to include her book in a library she hardly knew existed. That is the issue. The Senate committee has been substituting the body of an author for the body of his work, and this is a queer practice in the United States, it seems to us. On the pretext of examining libraries and evaluating books, it has displayed authors and dressed some of them down. The issue is not whether the American way of life is being advertised effectively abroad; the issue is whether, in the process of investigating the matter, the American way of life is being diminished at home. The question is whether the American way of life shall include, in one of its gaudier arcades, a senator's private shooting gallery, to which he summons ducks of his own choosing and in which he sets up these ducks and then knocks them down.

SENATOR McWHATSHISNAME carelessly dropped a remark the other day that revealed the exact nature of his dubious activities. He said that a certain witness had been called "to show another typical author whose works under no circumstances" should be used in United States information libraries. *To show another typical author!* The verb is a giveaway. Granting (which we are quite willing to do) that this man's book was a bad choice for an American propaganda library, we yet must wonder whether the way to correct the mistake was to call the author and challenge his loyalty. We doubt that our Constitution-makers ever intended to invest a senator with the right to place on exhibit persons he regards as unfit for U.S. consumption, or "to show another typical author." Books can be judged by being read. A book is its own witness and stands always ready to give testimony. Should Congress lightly forgo this and substitute for the contents of the book the repute of the author? We wonder, we wonder, we wonder.

ONE of the authors who got all muddied up in the recent melee was Clarence Streit—liberty-loving old Clarence Streit, who has been plugging the union of free democracies ever since he could tie his own necktie. Somehow or other, Mr. Streit, who is about as left as Sal Maglie, got the sack in overseas libraries. The word went around, we take it, that books advocating any sort of political federation were bad news. This may strike some people as just plain funny, but there was nothing funny about it to Mr. Streit, for it meant that his name turned up on a list of dangerous writers. The thing that interests us about his case is the dénouement, with John Foster Dulles himself issuing a bold statement testifying to Mr. Streit's integrity and loyalty. Jeepers, we now have the State Department publicly coming to the rescue of Streit and his "Union Now"! What could be more embarrassing for State? How will the ladies of the D.A.R. meet the colossal threat of Union Now With Britain? And what if England herself should decide to pull it on us? It just shows how mischief breeds mischief and how, once the theme of loyalty gets loose in a democracy, you end up with the Secretary of State in bed with a visionary.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Royal Oaks, a shiny new motel on the outskirts of Sag Harbor, stands in a grove of scrub pine.

Zoo's Curio

THE Reptile House at the Bronx Zoo is closed, pending an ambitious interior-renovating project, and its inmates have been moved to the basement of the Heads and Horns Building, where they will be inaccessible to the public until their regular home reopens, next October. We hit upon this interim period to visit their curator, Dr. James A. Oliver, whom we found in the Administration Building, surrounded by blueprints—a brown-eyed, brown-suited, tan-shirted man of thirty-nine with a red-and-brown bow tie. "I can't remember a time when I wasn't interested in snakes," he said. "I was born in Caruthersville, Missouri, and at two moved to St. Louis. We had a farm a hundred and twenty miles south of the city, and I spent my first twenty-one Christmases and most of my summers there. Wonderful snake country—copperheads, rattlers, spreading adders. In town, I frequented the St. Louis Zoo and went on so many snake-hunting trips with the reptile curator that whenever I played hooky from school the principal would call the Zoo before he called my home." Dr. Oliver attended the University of Texas for a while, chiefly to take a gander at Texas snakes, and then spent seven happy herpetological years at the University of Michigan, where he took a B.A., an M.A., and a Ph.D. He received these degrees *in absentia;* commencement invariably found him off on a snake-hunting trip for the University's museum of zoology.

After a year on the biology-and-zoology faculty of a teachers' college in Michigan, he joined the Museum of Natural History as assistant curator of amphibians and reptiles. The war came between him and his reptilian friends, but not as much as you might think. "I was Communications officer on a destroyer," he said. "A fortunate job, since I could go ashore everywhere to pick up the latest instructions, and also lizards and so forth, which I sent to the Museum." In this way, he collected reptiles in Cuba, Panama, Malta, North Africa, the Marshall Islands, and Trinidad. After serving as part of a destroyer group that escorted President Roosevelt's cruiser to the Yalta Conference in 1945 (Roosevelt got off at Malta and flew to Yalta), Oliver's ship was assigned to pick up Ibn Saud, the King of Saudi Arabia, and take him to a conference with Roosevelt in Egypt. "The King had a party of forty-seven, including his doctor, his chaplain, his astrologer, his uncle, his interpreter, his food taster, the royal purse-bearer, the chief server of ceremonial coffee, the second server of coffee, a dozen guards and valets, and nine miscellaneous servants," Dr. Oliver told us. "He wanted to bring along forty live sheep, to slaughter and eat on the trip, but we got him down to eight. We housed the sheep on the fantail and covered the entire bow of the ship with canvas to make a big tent for his party. The canvas covered our No. 1 and No. 2 gun mounts. He piled Oriental rugs on the deck and gave a dinner there for the officers one night—barbecued sheep with rice, and melon. He'd never been to sea before. We entertained him with depth charges, which he loved. When he disembarked, he gave forty dollars to each enlisted man and presented all the officers, except the captain and the commodore, with a complete Arab costume—camel's-hair robe and burnoose—and a gold Swiss wristwatch with his name inscribed on it. The captain and commodore got Arab costumes and daggers in jewelled cases." He showed us his watch, which was keeping perfect time.

Dr. Oliver has been at the Zoo since 1951. He sneaked us into the basement of the Heads and Horns Building and showed us a couple of unique inmates—a Colombian snail-eating snake, which came in on a United Fruit banana boat and was presented by the company, and a New Zealand tuatara, an iguanalike reptile. "*Very* rare," he said. "Extraordinary internal structure." Dr. O. lives in Tenafly with his wife and two children. "My five-year-old son tells people I'm the curio of reptiles," he said.

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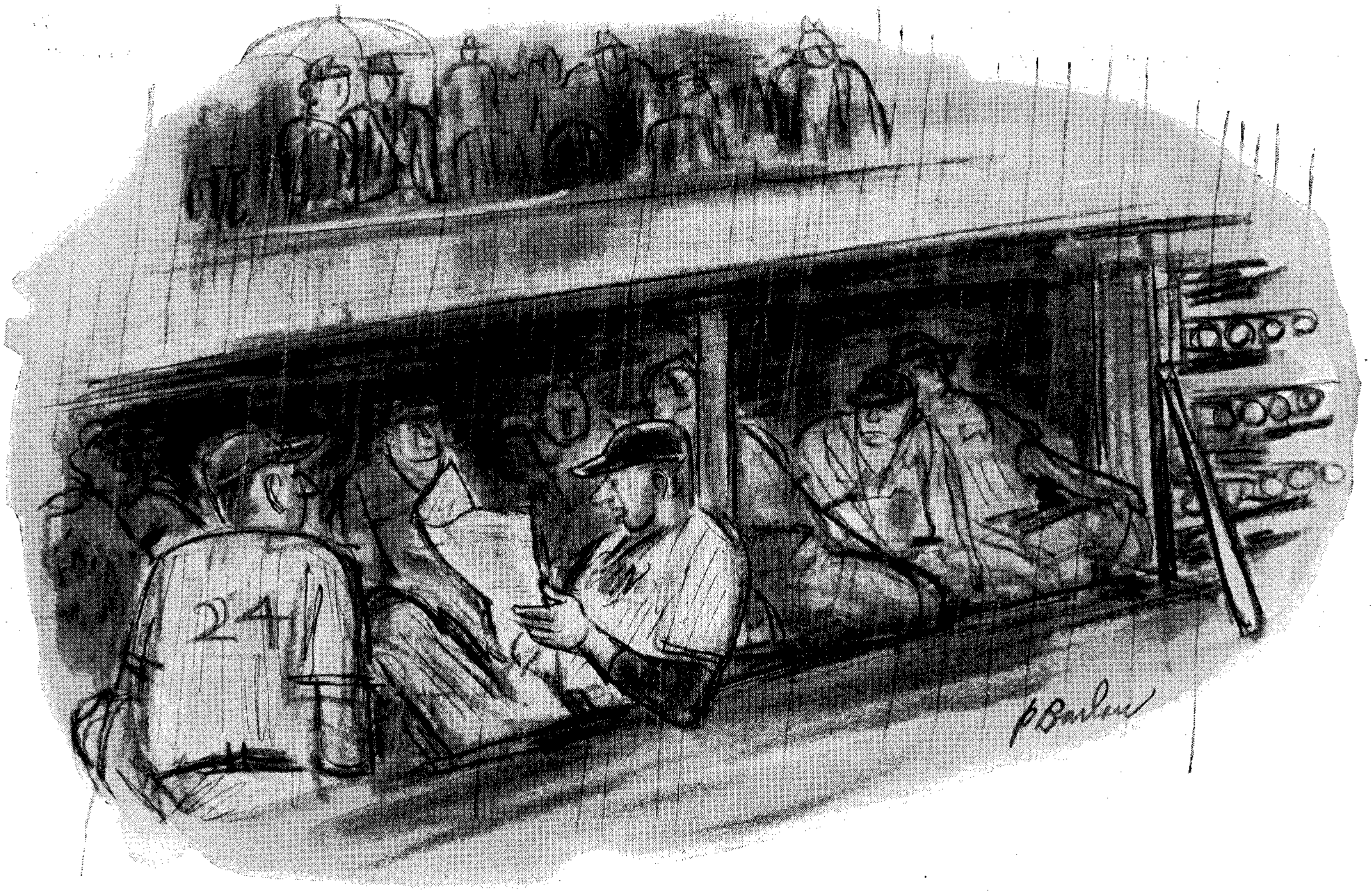
A LADY whose obstetrician recommended some special vitamins during pregnancy was pleased to find them put up in pink and blue capsules.

Older Than Moses

THE latest thing in lead is bricks, or maybe we should say the latest thing in bricks is lead. Either way, it's a fact that the National Lead Company, of 111 Broadway, is turning out lead bricks at a smart clip for the benefit of atomic scientists and technicians, who, while tinkering with atomic nuclei, must be protected from a number of dangerous rays. The handiest cheap radiation shield so far devised for use in nuclear-reactor installations and atomic-research laboratories is lead in the form of bricks, which National Lead makes in two sizes (two by three by six inches, and two by four by eight inches) and two shapes (regular-brick and curved-brick); which weigh from fourteen to twenty-eight pounds; which can easily be assembled into walls of any length and thickness; and which can be taken down and used again.

It has, of course, long been known that lead, by virtue of its density, has a greater capacity to absorb rays than almost any other metal. (Nobody is certain what happens to the rays once the lead has absorbed them, but their force appears to dissipate within a matter of minutes.) Lead has the advantage of being cheaper than any of its competitors; in pigs, ready for processing, it



"... at the Astor, 'Stalag 17;' at the Roxy, 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes;' at the Music Hall, 'The Band Wagon;' at the Paramount, 'The Charge at Feather River;' at the Mayfair ..."

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costs thirteen and a half cents a pound. A disadvantage is its weight, a cubic foot of lead tipping the beam at six hundred and eighty-seven pounds.

The National Lead Company has a not unnatural interest in the long history of lead, and among its prize possessions is a large section of lead pipe from ancient Rome. The pipe was uncovered by workmen excavating for the cellar of the Palace Hotel, on the Via Veneto, in 1907, and bears, in raised letters, the following inscription:

IMP CAES AUG VESPASIANA
SUB CURA CALLISTI
AUG L PROCURATORIS

A spokesman for National Lead, showing us the pipe, translated the inscription freely, and with considerable feeling, as "Manufacture of the Emperor Caesar Augustus Vespasian, under the charge of Callistus, freedman of the Emperor, manager." The National Lead man added, "Vespasian ruled from 69 A.D. to 79 A.D. Known to his friends as Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus. That pipe was underground for more than eighteen hundred years. Still in fine shape."

Lead, the National Lead man told us, is practically indestructible. Instead of rusting, like iron, it develops a gray film that protects it against moisture and other enemies. The use of lead goes right straight back to prehistory. A small lead statue dug up near the Dardanelles is thought to date from at least 3000 B.C. Moses mentions lead, in Exodus 15:10 ("They sank as lead in the mighty waters"), and the Greeks and Egyptians employed lead pigment for decorative purposes. Cleopatra is supposed to have bathed in a tub fed by lead pipes. It was the hardheaded Romans who put lead to work in a big way, however. Lead water mains laid by Romans have been dug up all over Europe. The Romans' name for lead was *plumbum*, and contemporary plumbers work lead about as Roman plumbers did. "You plumber!" was a common term of abuse in Hither Gaul in the third century A.D. In "The Merchant of Venice," Bassanio is coony enough to prefer a casket of "meagre lead, which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught," to caskets of silver and gold, and thereby wins Portia's hand. A third of the lead consumed in this country goes into storage batteries, a subject on which Shakespeare is, for once, silent. Another big chunk of lead goes into cable coverings and tetraethyl fluid. Lead is also indispensable for bearings, solder, dies, weights, glass, pottery, BB shot, and many kinds of paint. And for toy soldiers. There are about twenty thousand lead miners in this country, mostly in Missouri, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Colorado, and Montana. The United States mines about twenty per cent of all the lead produced in the world. It is followed by Australia, Mexico, Russia, Canada, Peru, French Morocco, Yugoslavia, Germany, Southwest Africa, Spain, and Italy. Nobody knows much about the lead situation in Russia—not even, we understand, the Russians. Thanks to the fact that finished lead can be reclaimed, there's not much chance of our ever running out of the stuff.

Trap

THIS newly wed couple, staunch believers in abstract art, suspended a shiny new eel trap as a mobile from the living-room ceiling of their brand-new apartment. Well, you might guess what happened—advent of friends, cries of "What will Sandy Calder do next?," smiling explanation of hosts. Not at all. The first person to call on them was a man who came to connect the telephone. He cast his eyes upward and asked the lady of the house where her husband fished. Said he'd been looking for a good eel spot for years.

What Housewives Know

Edna Ferber is small and dark-eyed and composed. Her hair, which she wears short, is the color of old sterling, and she speaks in a low voice, slowly, with a precision and elegance more commanding than any shout. When we visited her at her apartment on Park Avenue the other afternoon, she told us that if there is one thing she doesn't like, it is stirring up ructions, especially with herself as a participant. She was astonished, she said, by the way Texas took on about her recent novel, "Giant." The things they said about her down there! Miss Ferber waited one, two, three seconds. Well! She went on to say that she was even more astonished by the storm she aroused here in April when she described New York as the most "disgustingly filthy" city in the world. Gusts and eddies of that storm are still blowing about her ears, making it hard for her to put paper in her typewriter. "I wasn't picking a fight with anyone," she said. "I was merely stating what I believed to be a fact. I felt sure that everyone in the city government agreed with me and simply didn't care. What other explanation *can* there be for a filthy city?"

The statement wasn't premeditated, Miss Ferber said. She was being interviewed aboard ship on her return from a trip to Europe, and one of the reporters asked her if she was glad to be back. She heard herself replying to this by no means novel inquiry that she would be very glad indeed, if it weren't for the fact that New York, etc., etc. "I had no idea the papers would bother to publish the interview," she said. "I've been complaining of the condition of our streets for ages. How could anyone walk two blocks in this once beautiful city and not complain? All my life I've been a great walker, and seeing how clean European cities are has made me sense more strongly than ever what we've lost here. London, Madrid, Paris, even poor Naples, which used to be so blowzy and unkempt—all are fine cities to walk in. Sometimes, over on Third Avenue, I see families in their Sunday best, on their way to church or to the movies. How well-fed they look! How pretty the children's little starched dresses are! And what are they doing? Picking their way through their own and their neighbors' refuse! While in Europe, where so many cities were badly bombed, where so many others are nearly bankrupt, where people often haven't enough to eat, how hard everyone works to keep streets and sidewalks and doorsteps clean!"

Shortly after Miss Ferber's shipboard statement and Commissioner of Sanitation Mulrain's prompt counter-typhoon, an organization called the Greater New York Citizens Clean-Up, Paint-Up, Fix-Up Committee sponsored a Clean-Up Week. "Too cockeyed for words!" said Miss Ferber, in her gentle voice. "Every housewife knows that it's no use cleaning by fits and starts. What if I were to dust this apartment one week a year? Or wash my dishes once a month? Cleanliness is a continuing job. The city should see to it that we work at the job. All of us. All the time. They have the statutes. The problem is enforcement." On the day of our visit, Miss Ferber had been invited by the Mayor to accept an award from the Clean-Up Committee for her help in promoting interest in the clean-up campaign. "This is insane," she said. "First, the city claims that what I said isn't so. Then it asks me to accept an award for having said it. I told the Mayor no, thanks, and gave him some advice. Don't fine people for leaving litter about. If they're able-bodied, put them to work for a day or more cleaning up the city's parks and streets. I've received I don't know how many hundreds of letters from people congratulating me on what I said and hoping it will get results. But *I* can't do much. I haven't been elected to." Miss Ferber got up, crossed to a window, and tapped on the pane. "Even eighteen stories up, it's as much as your life is worth to open a window," she said. "Garbage in the streets, dirt in the air! The doctors tell me that the air we breathe in New York these days is downright dangerous; they don't know for sure how dangerous. I'm afraid to draw a full breath except in the country. I love New York. I want very much to go on living here. I just don't want it to kill me."

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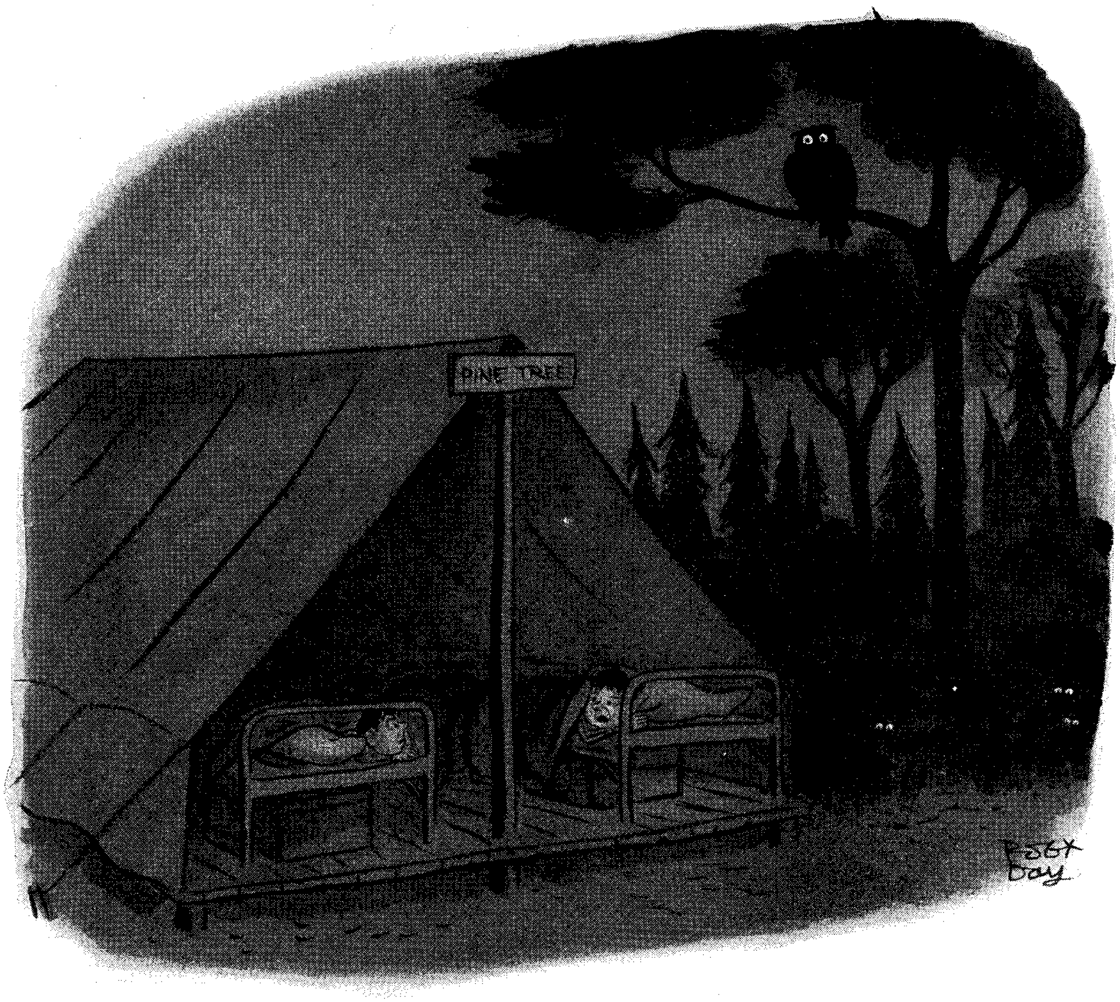
OVERHEARD in Harvard Yard, Cambridge, Massachusetts, before the statue of John Harvard, earnest, middle-aged gentleman in T shirt to lady with him: "Well, that settles it. This *can't* be Yale."

3-D Banking

It seems no time at all—actually, it's seven years and we're sorry we looked it up—since we paid our first visit to the Park Avenue Theatre, which had just been carved out of that florid brick pile, the old Anderson Galleries Building, on the southeast corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Park Avenue, and, with much fanfare, was dedicated to the principle of movies by subscription. The owners of the building were the Reade movie-theatre people, whose previous cultural experiments had been mostly in Jersey, and they were under the impression that there were lots of well-heeled folk in the neighborhood eager to pay a fairly stiff annual fee for the privilege of seeing, at set times and without shoving or popcorn, two



"I'm not coming back next year."

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movies a week the year round. The seats, which were padded with foam rubber, and on the mezzanine were not merely seats but love seats, were to be reserved from one year to the next and possibly from one generation to the next, and the movies, all of them second-run, were to be hand-picked to quicken but not bruise the exquisite sensibilities of the theatre's hoped-for patrons. Alas, the plan flopped. The Park Avenue crowd proved to have better things to do with its time, money, and sensibilities than sit out a hundred and four second-run movies a year, even on foam rubber.

The theatre never really found itself after that early fumble—not until this spring, that is, when, after several months of reconstruction, it was thrown open as a branch of the National City Bank. And what a marvellous bank it makes! So many leftover intimations of make-believe, of bold deeds and happy endings, surge back and forth between the still visible theatre walls that one's impulse on stepping inside is to go straight to the Personal Credit Department, a few feet beyond the old box office, snap one's fingers under a hireling's nose, and borrow the necessary for the biggest Cadillac in town. That's the impulse we fought hard to down one afternoon last week as, in the company of Reginald S. Wareham, manager of the branch, we mooned about among the pretty greenbacks where once there had been only darkness and the voice of Bette Davis crying "Why? Why? Why?" Wareham, whose desk is located about where the third row of the orchestra used to be and whose secretary sits in an alleyway leading to a former exit, explained how the merry metamorphosis had come about. The National City Bank has had a branch at Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street ever since 1925, in a six-story building owned by Miss Marion Davies. Miss Davies is currently pulling down that itty-bitty building, as well as several buildings adjacent to it, in order to put up a twenty-two-story skyscraper. The new building won't be ready for occupancy until next summer. "We'll be using the ground floor, basement, and part of the second floor," Wareham said. "It'll give us quarters three times as big as our old ones, and we certainly need them. When the bank opened the branch on Fifty-seventh Street, it was a predominantly residential neighborhood. Now it's more and more a center of big business. The question was where to open a temporary stand while waiting for our new quarters. Someone thought of this theatre. It sounded absurd at first, but we got in touch with the Reade interests and they were willing to give us a short-term lease. We'll probably be here until a year from Christmas. It's a remarkably efficient place, I must say. Our architect made use of everything. The box office is a public telephone booth."

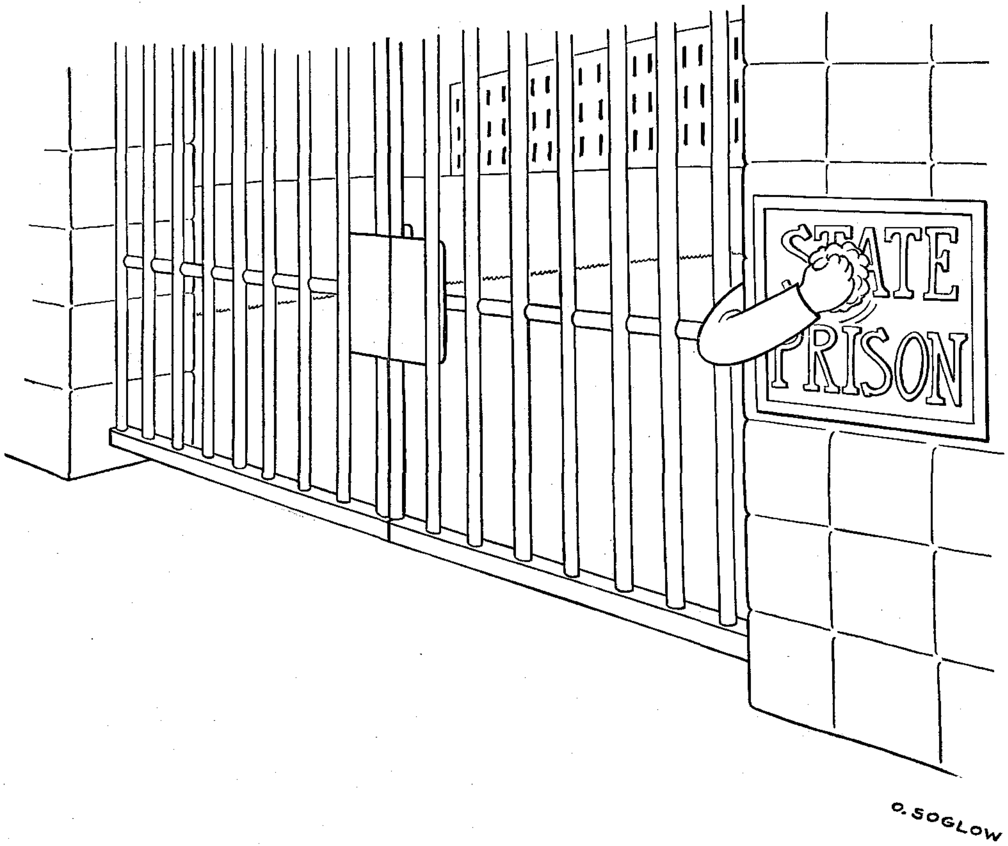
The major item of reconstruction was the levelling of the sloping floors of the orchestra and mezzanine, which was done by means of concrete slabs resting on concrete piers and covered with cheerful tan and green asphalt tile. The screen, a small organ, and the projection-booth windows were covered with plywood, and the main banking area was divided into sections by counters of tempered Masonite. In display windows in the lobby and on Park Avenue, where coming attractions used to be posted, are signs reading "Special Checking Accounts" and "Personal Credit Service." The air-conditioning that once cooled the theatre now cools the bank. "Everybody is delighted with the place," Wareham said. "Our employees like working here and our customers like coming here. People have been wondering what on earth to do with all the hundreds of movie theatres that may be shut down someday as a result of TV. Why isn't this an answer?"

Top Secret

THIS tale starts fifteen years ago, when a young mother was given a sealed envelope by her seven-year-old daughter, with solemn instructions *never* to open it. The lady stuck it into her desk and forgot about it. This spring, her daughter got married. A few weeks ago, in the process of moving to smaller quarters, the mother came across the yellowing envelope, and—well, her little girl had grown up—opened it. Written in red and gray crayon was the statement "Some of the time I like Mother. Most of the time I don't."

SORRY—NO PHONE OR MAIL ORDERS

When a perfume called Chaqueneau-K was launched a couple of seasons ago with a campaign designed to prevent women from buying it, there was a lot of head-shaking around the Advertising Club of New York, and more than one scarlet-faced old member gloomily prophesied, over his gin-and-French, the death of retailing. "Damn it all, sir, it won't go down," the Tories sputtered. "Bullyrag the consumer, deride him if you will, but you can't dispense with the beggar altogether. Someone's got to move the bloody stuff off the shelves." The forebodings were, as it turned out, groundless; ladies bent on achieving the unattainable cozened their menfolk into procuring it for them, and today any *femme soignée* would consider herself *vieux jeu* without a flacon of Chaqueneau-K in her *parfumoir*. (Well, almost any *femme soignée*.) Quite recently, the technique has been gaining ground among other storekeepers, notably Macy's and a men's-apparel firm in Baltimore named Lebow Brothers. The former's announcement of a fur sale, while not out-and-out preventive advertising, narrowed down the market to a mere handful of the élite: "Just 10 very precious natural ranch mink cape stoles go on sale tomorrow—$377. Hard to believe a lustrous, deeply piled natural ranch mink cape stole could cost so little? It's true true true at Macy's tomorrow! Just 10 very lucky women will get ten very precious mink buys," etc., etc. Lebow Brothers, apostrophizing a men's cashmere jacket in the pages of *Vogue*, was even more dickty: "Cashmiracle . . . so rare each coat is registered. Woven by the famous Worumbo Mill. This miracle in cashmere makes a truly proud possession. The finest underdown of 20 goats makes one jacket. In Oyster White, Moonlight Blue, Mulberry, Bamboo." The text opens a whole host of nerve-tingling possibilities, such as the hijacking by goniffs of an armored car laden with Cashmiracles, or the crisis at Worumbo when, in the course of looming a jacket for some noted coxcomb like Danton Walker, one of his twenty sacrificial goats is found to possess no underdown. The temptation to substitute the hair of a Bedlington terrier or a yak might understandably arise, though I imagine Worumbo's blenders are incorruptible—and heavily bonded, to boot. In which case, of course, the suspense would stem from some rival columnist, say Ed Sullivan or Barry Gray, attempting to suborn a blender into using the ersatz to discredit Walker. In short, the dramatic complications could be hilarious, especially if you added a Shakespearean holocaust and killed off all the protagonists in the end.



The upshot of this constricted merchandising, foreseeably, is that the average shopper may soon be frozen out of the picture, and, unless he has a controlling interest in the United States Gypsum Corporation, a listing in Debrett, and a membership in the Jockey Club of France, will be unable to purchase the ordinary necessities of life. The easiest way to appreciate his plight, perhaps, is to follow an exemplar named Leo Champollion, whose garter has snapped while crossing against a light, into a haberdashery in the East Fifties. The establishment, deeply carpeted and indirectly lit, has no vulgar fixtures like showcases or spittoons to identify it as an outfitter's; given another urn or two, it could be a mortuary or a gastroenterologist's waiting room. As Champollion enters in a crouching position, tugging at his socks, Elphinstone, a lard-faced salesman, finishes pinning a camellia in his lapel and approaches languidly.

Elphinstone (*from across a gulf*): You wished—?

Champollion: I busted a garter just now—the elastic's all shot—

Elphinstone: Soddy, we don't vulcanize old rubber. There's a garage over on Second Avenue that may conceivably aid you.

Champollion: Aw heck, she's not worth fixing. I'll take a new pair.

Elphinstone (*suavely*): Indeed? May I have your name, please?

Champollion: Why—er—Champollion. But what difference does it make? I just want an inexpensive—

Elphinstone: Champollion, eh? Any relative of the distinguished Egyptologist?

Champollion: No-o-o, not as I know of. I'm with the Cattaraugus Yeast Company, in the enzyme division.

Elphinstone: I see. And who recommended you to us?

Champollion: Nobody. I happened to look up and see your sign "Cravatoor."

Elphinstone: You mean you haven't been previously introduced or filed application to enroll as a customer?

Champollion: I—I didn't know you had to.

Elphinstone: My dear fellow, the clientele of this shop comprises some of the biggest gazebos in the country. If we were to bother with every whippersnapper who blunders in off the street, how long do you think we'd stay in business?

Champollion (*piteously*): But I

can't walk around this way, like a college boy! How can I call on the prospects with my sock hanging down?

Elphinstone: That's your headache. Mine is to safeguard the stock so that pikers won't sneak in and buy it out from under our nose. Good day.

Champollion: Look, I'll pay double the usual price! (*His voice becomes incoherent.*) I'm a family man, with two little chiggers—I mean two little nippers—

Elphinstone (*relenting*): Well, I'll make an exception this time, but if it ever leaks out, it'll cost me my job.

Champollion: I won't tell anybody—honest I won't. I'll say I stole them.

Elphinstone: All right, then, sit down and I'll take your measurements. (*Pulls on surgical gloves.*) Now, hoist up your trousers; I don't want to get these septic. . . . Hmm, that's a pretty scrawny-looking calf you've got there.

Champollion: It's wiry, though. I used to beat everybody at stickball.

Elphinstone: Well, you could have done with a bit of polo. Let's see, we might anchor a catch here—

Champollion (*diffidently*): Look, wouldn't a regular-sized garter fit me? You know, just ordinary ones—maroon or navy blue. There don't have to be those naked girls on the webbing.

Elphinstone: It isn't a question of size, and anyway, when the time comes *we'll* decide what pattern is best on you. What I'm concerned with now is the contour of your leg so I can fill out my sculptor's report.

Champollion: Hanh? What's that for?

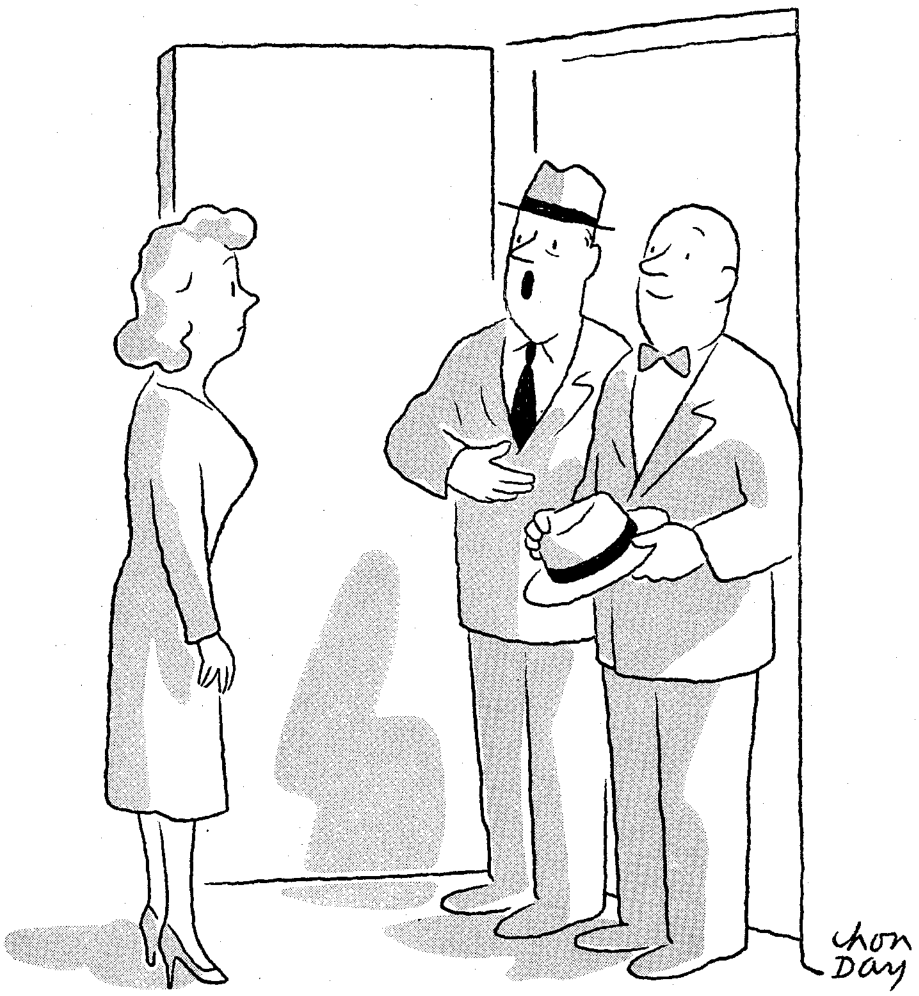
Elphinstone: To aid him in modelling the garter, man. (*Impatiently*) Don't you understand? Each pair is sculptured to the wearer's individual requirements by an artist specially commissioned for the task. In your case, it could be one of the academicians, like Paul Manship or Wheeler Williams, if your knees aren't too knobby.

Champollion: Wh-what if they are?

Elphinstone: Ah, then we'd have to call in an abstractionist—Henry Moore or Calder. Naturally, their fees are higher and you'd have to sustain the cable charges should we send your specifications abroad.

Champollion (*uneasily*): I wasn't figuring on too much expense, to tell you the truth.

Elphinstone: Possibly not, but you don't realize the trouble involved. First, we have to make a plaster-of-Paris form of your shinbone, then a mockup in laminated wood, which is baked under pressure, sanitized, and aged. This guides the sculptor so he can rough out his cast.



"Darling, this is Bob Burton. I just lost the house, you, and everything else to him in a poker game."

Champollion: But I can't wear stone garters! I have to be on my feet all day.

Elphinstone: We wouldn't allow you to. They're simply the matrix from which we execute your personalized accessory in a variety of materials. Here's a swatch to give you an idea. This one, as you see, simulates pickled pine.

Champollion: What's that one—plastic?

Elphinstone: No, it only simulates plastic; it's infinitely more costly. Here's one in a fabric so nearly resembling human flesh that customers frequently can't find their garters once they're on.

Champollion: Is that good?

Elphinstone (*stiffly*): We're not here to answer metaphysical questions, Mr. Champollion. We're here to not sell merchandise.

Champollion: I was only asking. I didn't mean to sound fresh. (*Peering at another sample*) Say, isn't this what I've got on?

Elphinstone: Hardly. That's what we call *trompe-l'œil.* It may look like worn-out elastic, but it's not elastic at all. It's grypton, the sleaziest plastic known.

Champollion: Gollies, you can't keep up with science nowadays, can you?

Elphinstone (*with Olympian amusement*): No. I suppose it must be rather confusing for a layman. Well, let's start with the mold—

Champollion: Uh—I was wondering—couldn't you advance me a pair of garters just for the time being, till I get back to Yonkers?

Elphinstone: Absolutely impossible. Our vaults close at three.

Champollion (*supplicatory*): Or even a piece of twine, so's I could finish my calls. I'd send it back by messenger.

Elphinstone: No, but in view of the circumstances, I'll stretch a point and expedite the psychological quiz. (*Flicks the switch of a Dictograph concealed in an urn.*) Elphinstone to Glintenkamp. Will you be good enough to come in here, Doctor? (*Before Champollion's motor apparatus can function, a young man enters crisply from rear. He wears a speculum and a physician's smock, improvised from an old flour sack, on the back of which is visible, in faded blue letters, the legend "Ceresota—Best by Test."*)

Glintenkamp: Eligibility prognosis?

Elphinstone: If you please. Solvency dubious, physique zero minus four.

Champollion (*eyes rolling affrightedly*): I can't stay any longer. My boss'll have a connip—

Glintenkamp: Now, now, nobody's going to hurt you. Just look at these cards and tell us what the various shapes suggest to you. Come on.

Champollion: S-someone spilled gravy on it. Juice of some kind.

Glintenkamp: No, no, they're blots of ink. Try to concentrate, now—don't they remind you of anything?

Champollion: Well, the top part there . . . um . . . that could be a face, a man's profile.

Glintenkamp: Anyone you know?

Champollion: Uh-uh. Wait a minute, though. It's a little like Mr. Bastinado.

Glintenkamp: Your boss?

Champollion: No, a credit manager up our way. He works for the Procrustes Finance people.

Glintenkamp (*significantly*): I see. Go ahead, keep trying.

Champollion: This one on the side looks like— well, like pencils in a cup.

Glintenkamp: That'll do. (*To Elphinstone*) Impoverishment fixation. Strictly a vag. Boost him.

Champollion (*anxiously*): Did I pass? Am I going to get the garters?

Elphinstone: Just close your flap and pretend to be a special-delivery letter. You're practically in Yonkers. (*As one man, he and Glintenkamp sweep up Champollion, whisk him to the door, and toss him into oblivion.*)

Glintenkamp (*consulting his watch*): Well, five o'clock. The end of a perfect day.

Elphinstone: Yep, all the goods intact and not a cent in the register. I tell you, Doc, this business is going places. Another year like this and we'll be moving over onto the Avenue. (*Radiant, the two of them exit to prepare a banner advertisement for "Vogue" celebrating their collapse.*)

Curtain

—S. J. Perelman

WATER OUZEL

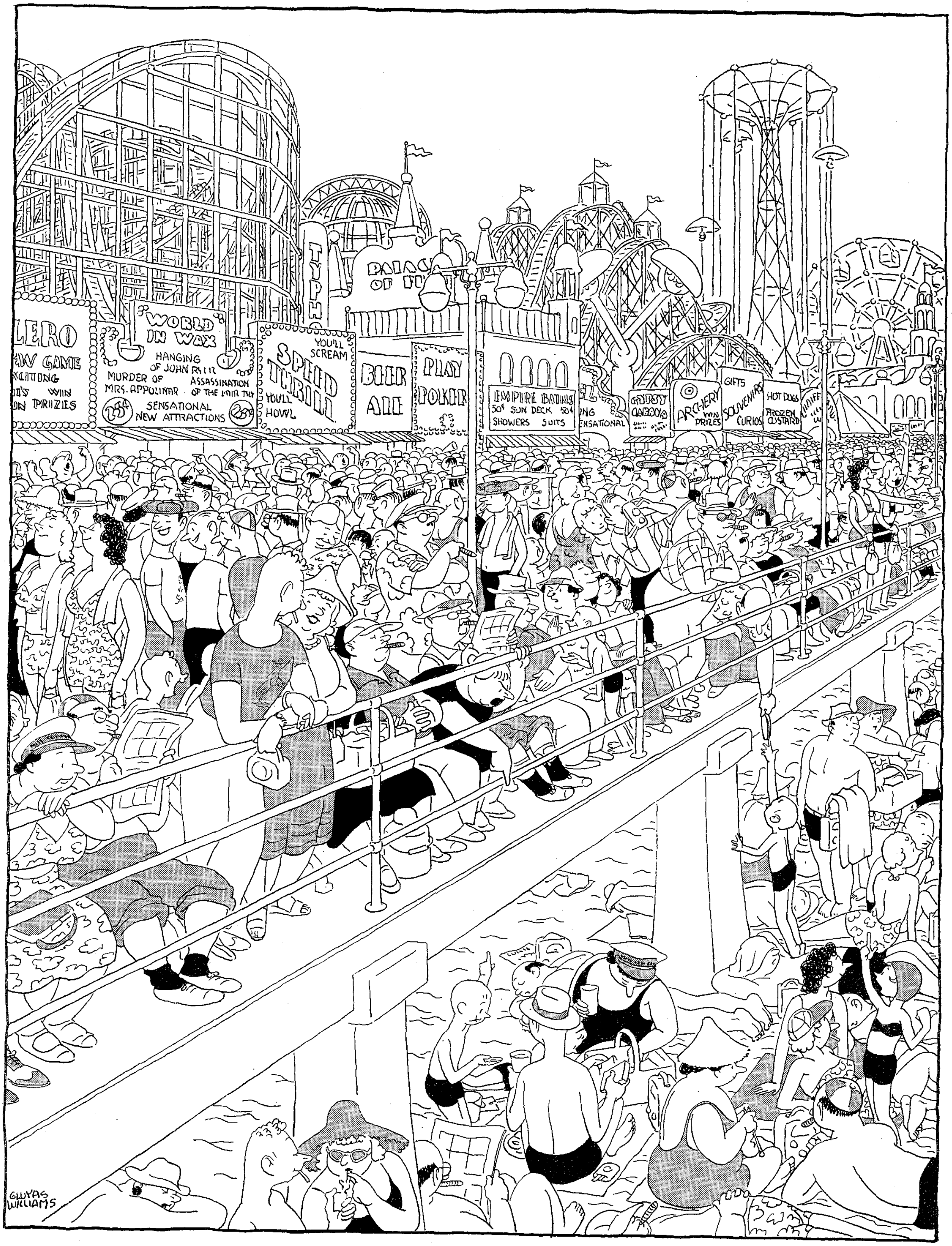
Follow back from the gull's bright arc and the osprey's plunge,
Past the silent heron, erect in the tidal marsh,
Up the mighty river, rolling in mud. Branch off
At the sign of the kingfisher poised on a twisted snag.
Not deceived when the surface grows calm, keep on,
Past the placidity of ducks, the delusive pastoral dreams
Drawn down by the effortless swallows that drink on the wing.
With the wheat fields behind you, do not neglect to choose
At every juncture the clearest and coldest path.
Push through the reeds where the redwing sways,
Climb through the warnings of hidden jays,
Climb, climb the jostling, narrowing stream
Through the aspen sunlight into the evergreen darkness
Where chattering crossbills scatter the shreds of cones.
Here at last at the brink of the furthest fall,
With the water dissolving to mist as it shatters the pool below,
Pause beneath timber-line springs and the melting snow.
Here, where the shadows are deep in the crystal air,
So near a myriad beginnings, after so long a journey,
Expecting at least a golden cockatoo
Or a screaming eagle with wings of flame,
Stifle your disappointment, observe
The burgher of all this beauty, the drab
Citizen of the headwaters; struggle to love
The ridiculous ouzel, perched on his slippery stone
Like an awkward, overblown catbird deprived of its tail.

Not for him the limitless soaring above the storm,
Or the surface-skimming, or swimming, or plunging in.
He walks. In the midst of the turbulence, bathed in spray,
From a rock without foothold into the lunging current,
He descends a deliberate step at a time till, submerged,
He has walked from sight and hope. The stream
Drives on, dashes, splashes, drops over the edge,
Too swift for ice in midwinter, too cold
For life in midsummer, depositing any debris,
Leaf, twig, or carcass, along the way,
Wedging them in behind rocks to rot,
Such as these not reaching the ocean.

Yet, lo! The lost one emerges unharmed,
Hardly wet as he walks from the water.
Undisturbed by beauty or terror, pursuing
His own few needs with a nerveless will,
Nonchalant in the torrent, he bobs and nods
As though to acknowledge implicit applause.
This ceaseless tic, a trick of the muscles shared
With the solitary sandpiper, burlesqued
By the teeter-bob and the phoebe's tail,
Is not related to approbation. The dipper,
Denied the adventure of uncharted flight
Over vast waters to an unknown homeland, denied
Bodily beauty, slightly absurd and eccentric,
Will never attain acclaim as a popular hero.
No prize committee selects the clown
Whose only dangers are daily and domestic.

Yet he persists, and does not consider it persisting.
On a starless, sub-zero, northern night,
When all else has taken flight into sleep or the south,
He, on the edge of the stream, has been heard to repeat
The rippling notes of his song, which are clear and sweet.

—William H. Matchett


LERO
W GAME
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HANGING OF JOHN
MURDER OF MRS. APPOLINAR
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SENSATIONAL NEW ATTRACTIONS
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TYPHO
PALAC OF FU
YOU'LL SCREAM
SPEED THRILL
YOU'LL HOWL
BEER ALE
PLAY POKER
EMPIRE BATHS
50¢ SUN DECK 50¢
SHOWERS SUITS
NG
ENSATIONAL
GYPSY
ARCHERY
WIN PRIZES
GIFTS
SOUVENIRS
CURIOS
HOT DOGS
FROZEN CUSTARD
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Coney Island

VANITY

THERE are a lot of things old bishops have to put up with besides loneliness and lack of domestic comforts, and one is coadjutors. A coadjutor is a cross. The Bishop of Moyle, the Most Reverend Dr. Gallogly, called his the Spy, the Boy, or the Stump, according to the way he felt about him. Mostly the Boy. The Boy had nasty, supercilious ways that the Bishop detested. He let on to know a lot about French history, gave himself out for an authority on food and wine, jeered at the Bishop's coffee—the best bottled coffee on the market—and sneered at the Bishop's statement that the best food and wine in the world were to be had on the train between Holyhead and Euston. It must be admitted that the Bishop was vulnerable to that sort of criticism. As a one-time professor of Dogmatic Theology, he tended to turn everything into a dogma. The Immaculate Conception and the site of the old courthouse got dealt with in precisely the same tone.

At the same time, the coadjutor was a bit of a snob, and he did have the illusion that, at eighty-six, the Bishop was past his prime, whereas the Bishop knew well that he had never been brighter in his wits. Just to show Lanigan how youthful he still was, he would suddenly order the car, drive off a couple of hundred miles to Dublin, stay in the best hotel, interview three ministers of state, and then come home and not tell Lanigan what they had said. Lanigan pretended to be amused at this as just another sample of the old Bishop's growing irresponsibility, but the Bishop knew that was only Lanigan's vanity. The older the Bishop got, the more he thought that vanity was the greatest of the sins, and the source of every other sin, and he could always instance Lanigan to show what he meant. The Bishop knew Lanigan was vexed.

Whenever the notion of going to Dublin struck the Bishop, he made inquiries about Moyle people who were staying up there, so that he could call on them. He knew they liked that; it was a thing they could brag about to their friends, and afterward they came back and said what a wonderful old man he was—not a sign of age on him!

One morning, before he set out, the Bishop was astonished to discover, from the chaplain, that one of his curates was in a nursing home in Dublin.

"Father O'Brien!" he exclaimed. "What's Father O'Brien doing in a nursing home? Sure, he's only— what is he, Father?"

"Forty-five, my Lord," said the chaplain, who knew what the Bishop's question meant.

"Forty-five!" the Bishop said in a stunned tone. "And in a nursing home! Remind me to go and see Father O'Brien, Paddy," he told his man.

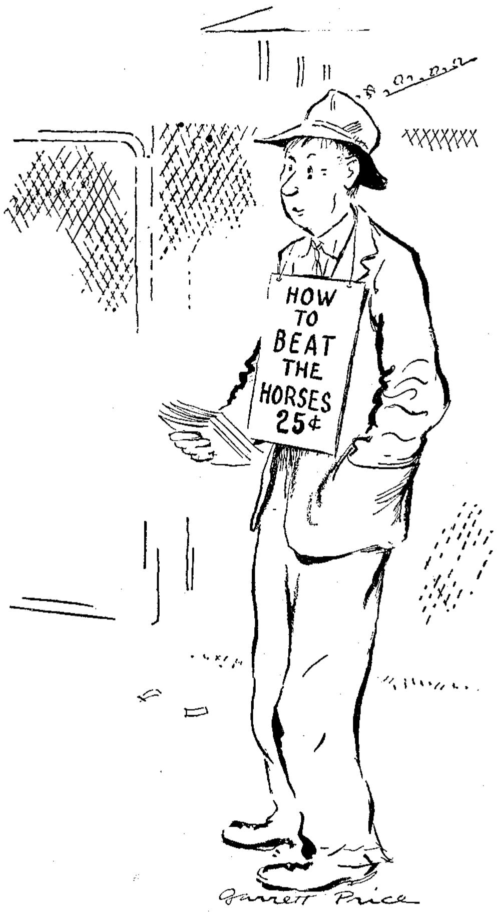
Even the Bishop's best friend wouldn't have pretended that this was pure kindness, though Dr. Gallogly had plenty of that. It was mainly wonder at himself, eighty-six, and without a surgeon having ever stuck a knife in him while a whole generation of priests grew up around him who were never out of the doctor's hands. Motorcars! Motorcars had them ruined!

And every step he climbed up to the first-floor room of the nursing home, the Bishop vacillated between good nature and complacency—good nature at being able to do something for a lonesome young priest, far from his friends and family, and complacency, a furious complacency, that it was not the young man who was doing the good turn to the old but the fine, upstanding old gentleman of eighty-six who was doing it for the poor lad of forty-five—and the two emotions mingled in the triumphant smile with which he pushed open the curate's door and trumpeted joyously, "Father O'Brien, I'm ashamed of you! Wouldn't you get up out of that and attend to your duties?"

He could see that Father O'Brien—poor boy, he didn't look well at all!—was touched. The Bishop had always had a good name among his priests, but even he knew that this visit would be cited for years to come against the Boy, a colossal egotist and snob who never visited anyone who hadn't a title or an estate.

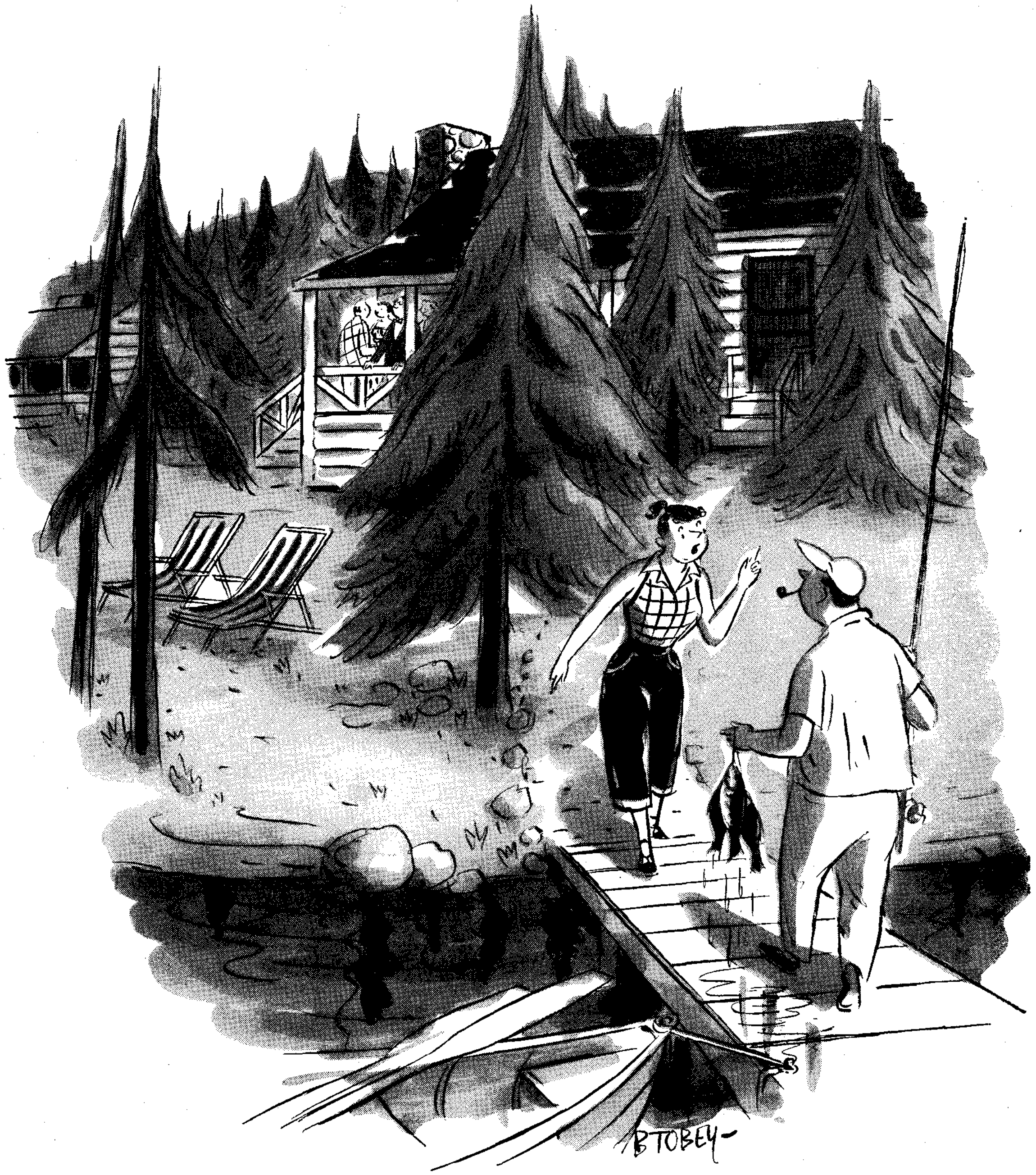
What at home might have been an ordeal for the curate became, because of the unfamiliar surroundings and the Bishop's excitement, a most enjoyable occasion for both of them. The Bishop was no fool; his information might lack perspective, but it was all good, solid information; and because he was behaving a bit foolishly, he talked with less discretion than usual, and very interestingly, about the Moyle clergy and their families, especially the Coadjutor's. Lanigan's brother, a parish priest, had not only died young of a particularly wishy-washy sort of disease that would never have killed anyone else but, as well as that, had suffered for two years before he died from scruples. Scruples!

"Nerves!" said the Bishop. "All that family were neurotics. You'll see he'll go the same way."


HOW TO BEAT THE HORSES 25¢
Garrett Price

HE returned to his hotel, saying to Paddy with an air of grim satisfaction, "That'll show them, Paddy!" The lounge was crowded when he went in, and several people were waiting for the lift. By this time, the Bishop's complacency was revolting at every constriction. "I can't be bothered stopping for that machine," he said, loud enough to be overheard, and went up the stairs "like a hare," as Paddy put it, though this was really metaphor gone mad.

There was a flight of six steps leading from one landing to another, and the Bishop took it at a run. As he reached the top step, he slipped and fell back onto the lower landing. He didn't attempt to rise. He knew from the peculiar feeling in his shoulder and leg that it wouldn't be safe. Pride goeth before a fall, he thought mournfully. I should



"Will you catch four or five more, dear? The Baxters just dropped in."

have waited for that old lift.

A waiter rushed up to him and tried to lift him.

The Bishop gasped. "I think I'm hurt," he said. "Don't tell anybody. Get something to lift me on and call Dr. Jameson."

The manager and the waiter put him onto a stretcher and carried him to his room. It was agony, but the agony was not in his body so much as in his mind, and the tears in his eyes were due to humiliation more than pain. After an irreproachable life of eighty-six years, he suddenly, because of what he now called "a mad vagary," no longer had control over his own movements, and was as much subject to stretcher-bearers, doctors, and nurses as any milksop curate. And if there was anything he detested, it was being at another's bidding. The shock of it was almost enough to make him lose his reason.

But it wasn't only that.

"We'll have to get you to the nursing home at once," said Dr. Jameson, a brisk, moonfaced young man.

"Am I bad?" the Bishop asked bleakly.

"It looks as if you've broken your shoulder and leg," said the Doctor. "I must see if there's anything else."

"Am I going to die?" the Bishop asked, almost hopefully. If he was really going to die, there would be no further problem.

"You must be pretty tough to have reached your present age," said the Doctor, who was privately convinced that the Bishop would be dead before morning.

"That's what I mean," said the Bishop. "A thing that would kill another man would be nothing to me. Couldn't you treat me here?"

"I could not," said the Doctor in alarm.

"Why not?"

"Because I must get an X-ray at once."

"Couldn't you get it here? I can't be going into hospital."

"But you must go to hospital. Why shouldn't you?"

"People in my position have their own reasons," the Bishop said darkly. "A man in authority always has people after him, trying to make out he's not fit for his job. They want to treat you like a child. If this gets out, it'll be very awkward for me."

"But an accident can happen to anybody," the Doctor protested.

"An accident can happen to a young fellow," replied the Bishop, wincing. "What happens to an old man isn't supposed to be an accident. You'd think we were doing it for fun. The manager here is an old friend of mine. I can trust him not to talk. He could fix me up here for a couple of weeks, and no one would be the wiser."

"I'm sorry, my Lord, but that's impossible. Don't be frightened of the nursing home. You'll be as comfortable there as you would here."

"I'm not frightened of the nursing home," the Bishop said with quiet anger. "And I don't give a rap about comfort. If I go to a nursing home, 'twill be all over Moyle tomorrow."

"But people will have to know," said the Doctor.

"*Why* will they have to know?" the Bishop asked fiercely. It was bad enough lying there enduring pain and immobility without being contradicted as well. "What business is it of any-

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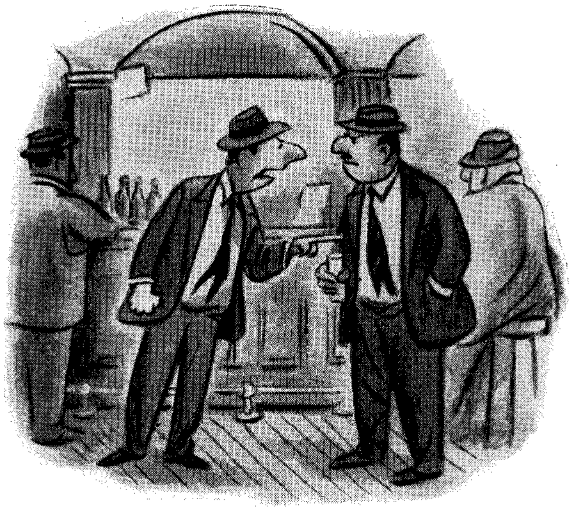

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body's? If I do go to a nursing home, can you get me in under another name?"

"But you'd have to tell the nuns," said the Doctor.

"I would *not* tell the nuns," the Bishop replied irascibly. "I know more about nuns than you do. I wouldn't tell a nun anything."

"Well, perhaps they needn't know who you were, but they'd have to know you were a clergyman."

"They would *not* have to know I was a clergyman," snapped the Bishop, infuriated by the Doctor's imbecility. "A clergyman in this country has no private life. If I went into hospital as a priest, they'd be wanting to know what diocese I came from, and then they'd find a nurse with a brother a priest in the same diocese. As a matter of fact, there's a curate there now from my own diocese. I tell you there's too much curiosity about priests in this country."

"Let me give you something to ease that pain first," said the Doctor.

"I don't want anything to ease the pain," said the Bishop fretfully, seeing at last that he would never get any sense from the young doctor. "What sort of woman is the Reverend Mother in that nursing home?"

"She's a nice, friendly woman."

"Never mind how friendly she is. Is she young or old?"

"Oldish."

"Get her for me!"

"Do you know, my Lord, you're a very obstinate old man?"

"If you had my responsibilities, you might be obstinate, too," grunted the Bishop without resentment. "Bring me Reverend Mother till I talk to her."

The Doctor looked at him for a moment before realizing that there is a point beyond which it is not safe to argue with a bishop, and left the room. He returned a little while later with Reverend Mother. She was a soft-mannered, deferential old woman, who almost smothered the Bishop in solicitude. He let her moan on, knowing well it was only part of her stock in trade, and, when the Doctor left the room, laid his hand on hers.

"That's a very bright young man, Mother," he said, "but I can't talk to him. Laymen can never understand the difficulties of people in religion."

"Indeed, 'tis true for you, my Lord."

"Every calling has its own graces and its own temptations," he went on solemnly. "The great temptation of religious people is vanity."

"I wonder is that true, my Lord," she said coyly, as if to indicate that she had noticed a few other temptations among her friends.

"You needn't wonder at all," said the Bishop, in the tone he used for proclaiming the merits of the Holyhead train. "I'm telling you. That's what makes it so hard for people in religion to be growing old. You're too young yet to know a thing like that."

"I'm afraid, so far as that goes, I'm older than you give me credit for," she said, growing alarmingly girlish.

"How could you?" said the Bishop confidently. "But your turn will come. You'll see the young people pushing you to make room for them, watching you, criticizing you, waiting for you to make a slip."

"Oh, indeed, I don't have to go beyond my own experience," she said with a sigh. He had touched a responsive chord in her and knew it.

"I see you're an understanding woman," he said gravely. "Now, I have a coadjutor, Mother. It is a thing I could not say to a lay person like that young doctor, but we do not get on. I know this won't go any farther, but he takes too much on himself. He thinks I'm not fit to look after myself. If it gets to his ears that I had a serious accident, I'll never hear the end of it."

"My Lord," she said in alarm, "I don't think you know what you're asking. I don't think you know what a hospital is like."

"Mother," he said compellingly, "I know *who* I'm asking. There's nothing an intelligent woman can't do if she puts her mind to it."

"My Lord, there's nothing an inquisitive woman can't find out if she sets her mind to it. I'll do what I can. Don't blame me if I don't succeed."

THAT evening, the Bishop was settled in a room far away from the rest of the nursing home, with two old nuns to look after him. The old nuns were Reverend Mother's master stroke. They had long ceased to be active; one of them was crippled with rheumatism, and the other was slightly soft in the head. It was like a foretaste of Heaven to them to be given real responsibility again. They groaned under it, exulted in it, and guarded the Bishop with the ferocity of old watchdogs. The Bishop was in great pain, but he was proud of his own craft and power. In another wing was his curate, and his curate was probably imagining what his Bishop was doing now, not knowing that the Bishop was under the same roof with him, as crippled as himself. What the curate didn't know wouldn't harm him. The essence of authority consists in keeping your secrets.

After the first day, even the Bishop was aware of the air of mystery with which he was surrounded. Reverend

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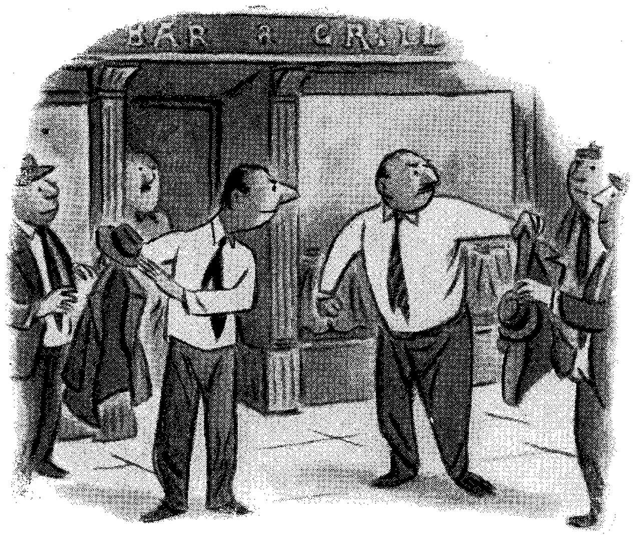

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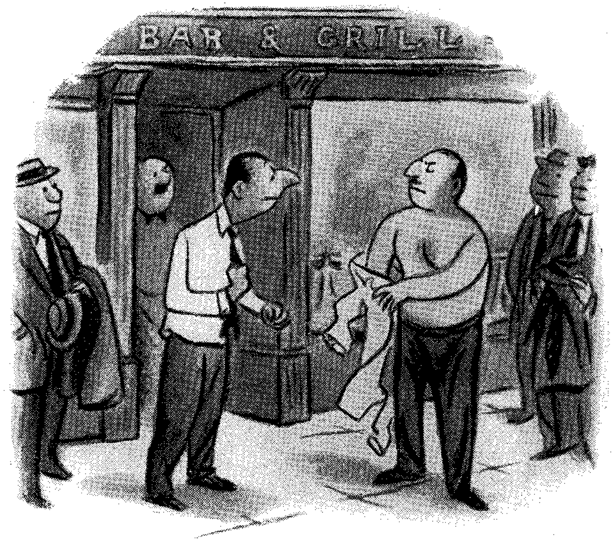

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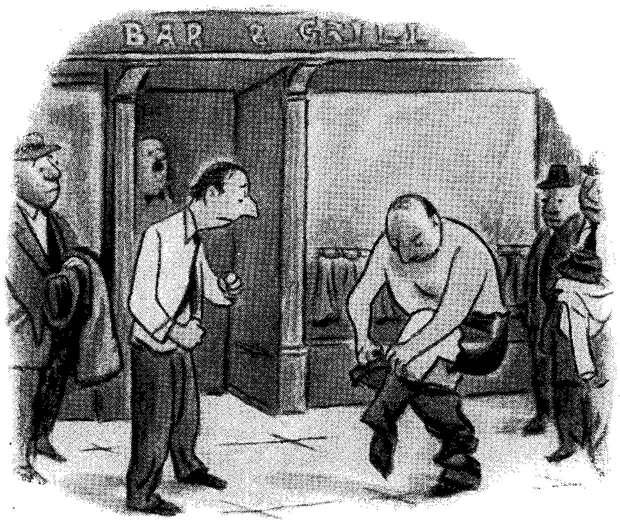

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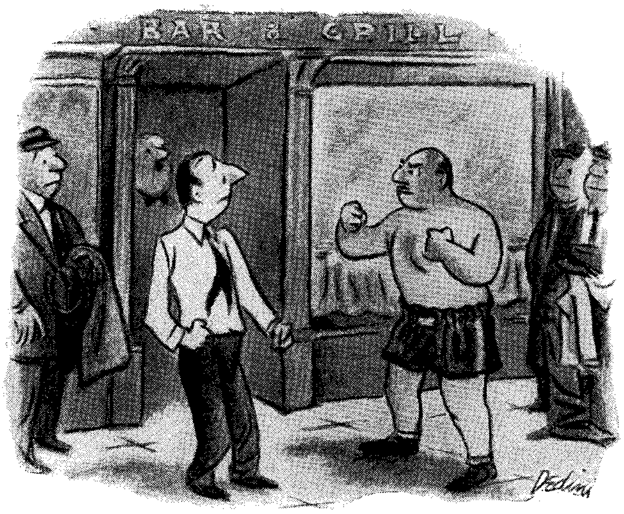

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Mother was the only other nun permitted to visit him. The nurses weren't even allowed near his room. But the trouble with the Bishop's old watchdogs was that they had lost their teeth. They were easy game for the younger nuns and the nurses, because Sister Martha's bad head and Sister Dympna's bad legs meant that when they left his room, there was no guarantee that they would ever get back. On his second day in the nursing home, the door suddenly opened and a nurse came in and looked at him in surprise. Mock surprise!

"I'm sorry," she said with great concern. "Are you Mr. Murphy?"

"No," said the Bishop gruffly. "I'm Mr. Dempsey."

"You wouldn't be one of the Dempseys from Limerick?" she asked. "The motor people?"

"No," he said with ancient guile. "My family came from Kanturk."

"We had a nurse one time from Kanturk. Lucey, her name was. You wouldn't know her?"

"She wasn't there in my youth," said the Bishop.

"What happened to you?" asked the nurse.

"A fall I got off my bicycle," said the Bishop.

"You're making enough of a mystery of it, anyway," she said, realizing she had met her match. "Some of the nurses say you're an American millionaire. Are you?"

"I'm not a millionaire, anyway."

The Bishop thought about that conversation a lot. There was something in the nurse's tone that he found peculiar. Then he realized *what* it was. Reverend Mother had really succeeded in baffling her staff, and they thought he was probably some rich businessman or politician who didn't want his rivals to know that he was out of commission. It increased his feeling of power. As a young priest, he had noticed how conversation changed when he entered a room. Now, at the end of his days, he was getting the real thing, the tone people adopted when they didn't know who he was. As a result, he didn't complain of the surreptitious visit of the nurse, and waited impatiently for her to come back.

She didn't come back, but two days later, when the Bishop already was showing signs of recovery, there came a young and very good-looking nurse, who didn't even pretend she had strayed into his room by accident. She glanced at him and then her eyes started to wander all over the room, searching for a clue.

"They say you were in America, were you?" she asked.

"I might have been," he said slyly. "Why do you say that?"

"Because if you weren't, you'd have your family in."

"Well, I'll tell you the truth," said the Bishop. "I haven't a family. I was never what you'd call a marrying man."

"Why would you?" she asked lightly. "I suppose you can get them without."

For a moment, the Bishop was so stunned that he almost gave himself away. "That's a shocking thing for a girl to say," he said.

"What's shocking about it?" she asked. "I suppose you'll pretend you did without them?"

It left the Bishop very thoughtful. Someone, he thought, should go into this question of what lay people said when there weren't priests around. "Too sheltered," he muttered. "Too sheltered." It also occurred to him that no one had given any thought to the question of whether or not Florence Nightingale was right and nursing was a suitable occupation for young girls at all. What surprised him most was that he was becoming almost attached to his anonymity, and quite hopeful whenever he heard a woman's step outside his door. When the first nurse returned another day to try out a new theory of his identity and told him a dirty story, he didn't even protest. He was too interested in realizing that women knew dirty stories.

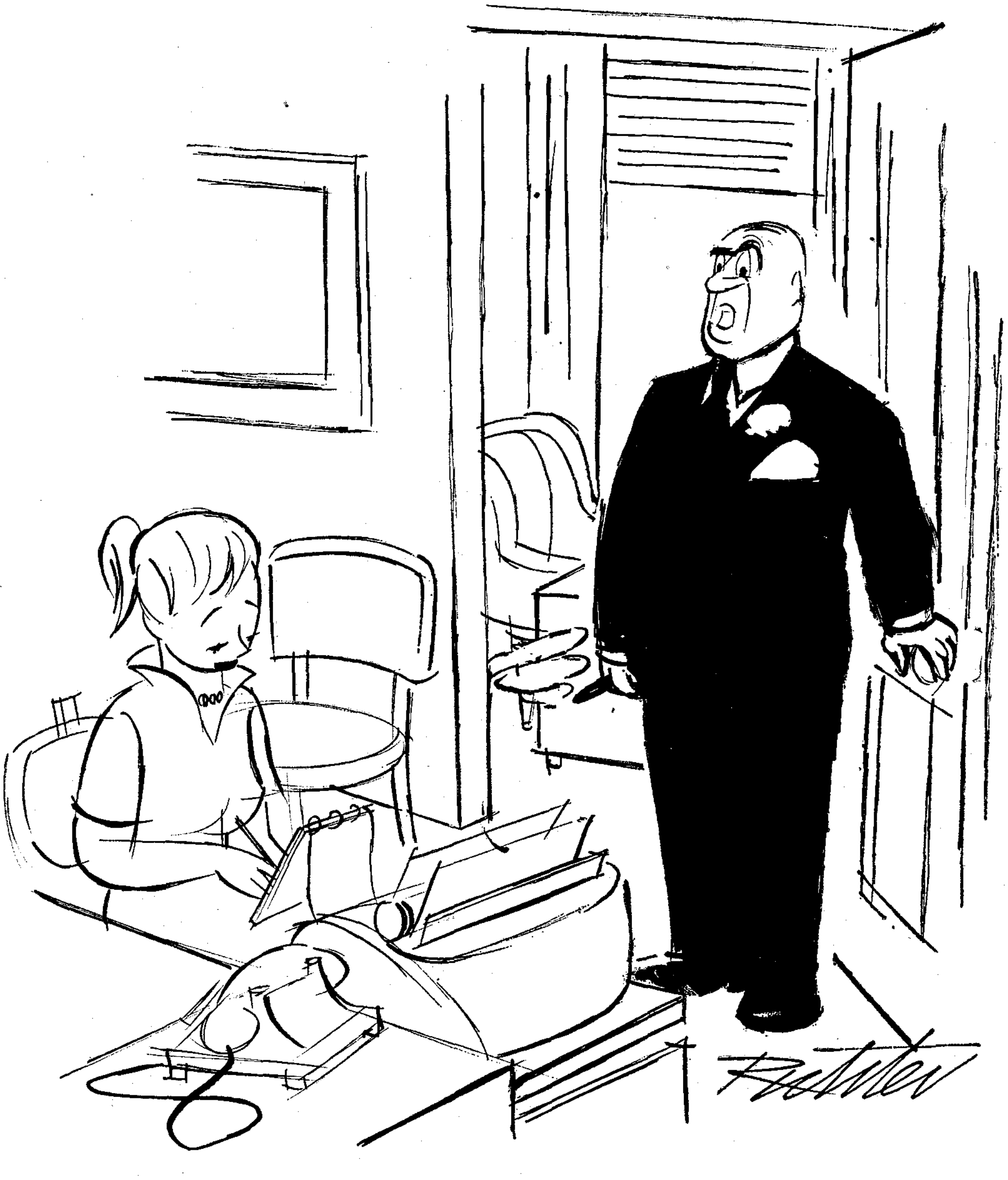
Within ten days, he was almost well again. The Doctor said he felt he should write about it for the *Lancet*, but the Bishop brushed this aside. The two old nuns knelt for his blessing, and wept a little, because they knew that once again they would be relegated to uselessness. One of them guarded the landing and another the hall while Paddy took down the bags. They passed the curate's door. He was still lying within. Once more, the Bishop thought with a little chuckle of satisfaction that what he didn't know wouldn't harm him.

"You'll go straight to your hotel, I suppose?" said the Doctor.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said the Bishop darkly. "I want to know what's going on in Moyle. They only wait till my back is turned."

"You're a very lucky man," said the Doctor. "I don't mind telling you I thought you were for the long road. I have one patient of twenty-two who did what you did and he'll never walk again."

"Poor fellow! Poor fellow!" The Bishop sighed perfunctorily. "I suppose he hadn't the stamina. Get the bags, Paddy, and we'll go home straight."



"To all department heads: 'Don't slap me on the back. I'm sunburned. M. J. W.'"

THE Bishop was astonished at the warmth of his welcome in Moyle. When he stopped his car outside Cronin's Hotel, a crowd gathered in no time and cheered. As a dogmatic theologian, the Bishop did not enthuse himself and he did not understand other people's enthusiasms.

"What ails them?" he asked, with a nod in the direction of the crowd.

"Ah, they were very upset when they heard of your accident, my Lord," said Jerry Cronin in surprise. "The churches were full of people praying for you."

"Is that so?" said the Bishop, with no great warmth. Prayer, of course, was a wonderful thing, but there were times when it almost approximated to vanity. "I suppose the whole thing was known inside twenty-four hours?"

"Twenty-four hours, my Lord!" Jerry exclaimed in a shocked tone. "Oh, sooner than that, sooner than that." Jerry seemed to think some slight was implied on the intelligence of the townspeople.

"Nuns! Nuns! Nuns!" muttered the Bishop as the crowd knelt for his blessing. —FRANK O'CONNOR

* * *

Mrs. Ryhiner, a slender, exotically beautiful girl of mixed English and Indian parentage, explained how the beast was caught.

"We tracked the rhino until we found one of his frequent trails. We dug a pit in the trail, and camouflaged it with leaves and grass. Then we camped near-by and just waited. We did not have to wait long; only about two weeks. Sometimes we have waited seven weeks for what we wanted."

The only difficulty was protecting the valuable creature from idolators, explained Mrs. Ryhiner, a burly, bearded, blond Swiss of 33.—*The Times.*

Mrs. Ryhiner! How you have changed!

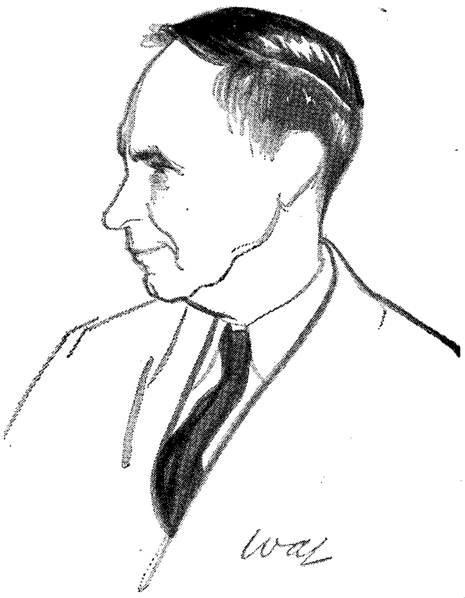
PROFILES

THE DEFENSE OF EVERYBODY—II

ROGER BALDWIN, who was the director of the American Civil Liberties Union from 1920 to 1950 and is now defending civil liberties globally as head of the International League for the Rights of Man, is so excessively public a figure that to imagine him having a private life is as difficult as to visualize the interior of Grant's Tomb furnished with scatter rugs, easy chairs, and bridge lamps. Yet it is a fact that Baldwin has been married (twice), has a home (or, rather, three), and has tastes and eccentricities that have nothing whatever to do with promoting civil liberties.

Baldwin's first wife was Madeleine Z. Doty, a lawyer, prison reformer, and feminist leader who for many years represented the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom at the League of Nations in Geneva. He married her in 1919, shortly after he got out of jail after serving nine months for his defiance, as a pacifist, of the 1917 draft law. There were no children. "After the first few years, we lived together just enough to keep the franchise," Baldwin used to explain. After fifteen years, they gave up the franchise, still friends. Baldwin then married another feminist, Evelyn Preston, who is a granddaughter of William Payne Thompson, one of the original Standard Oil lawyers. She is Evie to Baldwin, and he is Buncle to her—a portmanteau of "uncle" and "Baldwin." Educated at Barnard and the University of Wisconsin, she spent the early twenties in London working for the British Labour Party, mostly as secretary to Ellen Wilkinson. She later helped the United Mine Workers organize in Pennsylvania; her chief interest was workers' education, and she gave much time and money to the Brookwood Labor College, which A. J. Muste ran for a number of years at Katonah, New York. In the thirties, she was active in the League of Women Shoppers, a particularly weird Communist front of the period; she was president in 1936, but lost her enthusiasm for it later, as the facts of life began to emerge. After all this, which sounds in the practiced ear with the nostalgia of old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago, Mrs. Baldwin settled down to domestic life and buying real estate. A mother, she keeps an eye on two grown sons by a previous marriage and a fifteen-year-old daughter by Baldwin. A real-estate owner, she looks after her houses. There are two adjacent ones on West Eleventh Street, in the Village; the Baldwins live in one and rent rooms in the other to friends, on a semi-commercial basis. In addition, Mrs. Baldwin owns a large summer place at Chilmark, on Martha's Vineyard, known for its tennis court and its magnificent stretch of wild ocean beach, both of which are more or less communal property. Mrs. Baldwin also owns still another place—Dell Brook Farm, on the Ramapo River, in New Jersey, twenty miles up from the George Washington Bridge, where the family goes for weekends. It consists of several hundred acres, with a big house, half a dozen cottages that are rented out to people the Baldwins know, a pond, and a tennis court. Baldwin, for whom regular contact with nature is a necessity, found it twenty years ago, leased it, and, with a typical combination of thrift and community spirit, got a few urban friends to share the expenses of maintaining it with him. Mrs. Baldwin later bought it.

"I NEVER heard my parents discuss money," Baldwin, a member of an old Boston family, told a friend recently. "They never mentioned age, either—of grownups, anyway. And, of course, nothing was ever said about sex. Those three subjects were taboo." This suppression of the three most interesting conversational topics—standard practice among respectable families in the Boston of the period—left its mark on Baldwin. Though he has a notably convivial nature, it is hard to conceive of his telling an improper story, and though he has always been attractive to women, some of the charm, one suspects, has been that of a difficult peak for the mountain climber. Old age and death worry him even more than they do most Americans. At least, that is the impression of some of his friends. He says, "Nonsense! I have been given up twice by doctors, and wrote farewells without the slightest qualm, going to sleep never expecting to awake." He is vain about looking young, and is constantly smoothing his hair to hide a bald spot—a gesture as unconscious as it is habitual. But his most severe block is financial. "Money," says a friend, "is the one thing you just can't talk to Roger about."



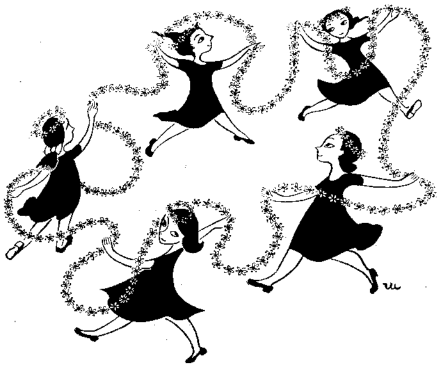
Roger Baldwin

Baldwin's feelings about money are complicated. It seems to fascinate and disgust him at the same time. He fits into neither of the two classic money-obsessed types—the entrepreneur, who makes it, and the miser, who keeps it. He has never tried to increase his income; in fact, he has gone to considerable lengths to decrease it. Nor has he ever shown any interest in accumulation; he spends money reluctantly, but he lends or gives away the resulting surplus. His ambition seems to be just to maintain the financial status quo, and the less he has to do with money, the happier he is. This demands constant vigilance. Baldwin's efforts on the spending side are legendary. Some of the stories may be apocryphal, but, as in the case of stories about Sam Goldwyn, Yogi Berra, and other pungent personalities, if things didn't happen that way, they should have. Thus it is said that once, trapped in an expensive restaurant by some friends, Baldwin ordered a cup of coffee and then excused himself to go out to a nearby bakery for a bag of rolls, which he brought back and munched contentedly at the table while his companions dined. It is claimed that he used to carry around a little notebook in which he entered every disbursement, right down to "Phone call, 5c" and "Newspaper, 3c;" that for years he had only one "city" suit, which he had pressed, infrequently, at While-U-Wait establishments; and that he used to acquire much of his scanty wardrobe by barter, thus avoiding contact with money. It is further claimed that he once dropped into the headquarters of a miners'-relief committee, spied a handsome topcoat donated by some socially conscious dandy, and exchanged his own warmer but less glamorous overcoat for it; everybody gained by the transaction, he pointed out, the miners getting a more serviceable coat and he a more fashionable one. Perfect fit is not to be expected in a wardrobe assembled in this way. One day, meeting an impoverished friend to whom he had given a castoff overcoat, Baldwin asked how it fitted. "Pretty well," the friend replied, "but it's a trifle big across the shoulders." "I know," said Baldwin. "It never fitted me there, either."

When Baldwin was married to Madeleine Doty, it is said, the couple used to figure their separate household obligations so minutely that sometimes a dinner guest would be embarrassed by a lively discussion about whose account he should properly be charged to. Baldwin's financial relations with his present wife are more relaxed, but they still involve a good deal of paperwork. At the outset, he told her that his income would never support her style of living. They agreed that he would pay her every month just what his bachelor living expenses had been—a figure he knew down to the last nickel. This is periodically adjusted, according to the government cost-of-living index.

Baldwin has also been vigilant about keeping his income within decent bounds. He has a private income of less than a thousand dollars a year, which has given him little trouble. Forty years ago, he received his peak salary—five thousand dollars a year—as secretary of the St. Louis Civic League. He was only twenty-six, and still inexperienced in avoiding money; moreover, since it wasn't his own organization, he had to take the salary it offered, however large. At the Union, where he had more to say about things, he was able for a couple of decades to keep his pay down to less than twenty-five hundred a year, despite constant efforts of the Board of Directors to raise it. This figure represented his conception of the maximum pay a liberal could take without danger of being corrupted. When, in 1940, he allowed his salary to be raised to thirty-six hundred, it was partly a yielding to inflation and partly a symptom of his increasingly conservative views. Three years ago, when he retired, the Board voted to continue his salary at the latter figure until his death, irrespective of how much work he does for the Union. So the status quo will be maintained right up to the final status quo.

As head of the Union, Baldwin always made it a rule to keep both its income and outgo down to a modest level. He is proud that he never had a deficit. "I ran it the way a family operates—spent only as much as came in each year," he once explained, innocently establishing himself as a master of the non sequitur. If a deficit threatened, he cut down on printing or fired somebody. By his lights, going into debt would have been immoral, and it never occurred to him to solve the Union's financial problems by getting some big contributions. There is no evidence that he ever rejected any, but he definitely didn't encourage them, either. Fearing that the Union might become subservient to big donors, he tried to limit contributions to a thousand-dollar top. About the only way anyone was able to force a larger sum on the Union when Baldwin was running it was by bequest, an underhanded practice that gave him a lot of trouble in the late forties. Some Board members think that what they politely call Baldwin's "conservative" fiscal policies stunted the Union's growth. When the New Deal made civil liberties fashionable, Morris Ernst and others tried in vain to persuade Baldwin to spend ten thousand dollars a year on getting new members. Whatever the cause, the Union's growth does seem to have been sluggish; it had fewer than ten thousand members in 1950, when Baldwin retired as director to assume his present post as chairman of the Union's National Committee, an honorific body consulted by the Board on major policy issues.



Baldwin's money complex had an especially unhappy effect on the Union's paid staff. For many an employee, office life with Baldwin resembled Thomas Hobbes' description of primitive man's existence: it was nasty, brutish, and short. Labor turnover was high; in one five-year period in the forties there were some twenty-five successive publicity directors. One of Baldwin's former employees, of whom there are enough around to man a fair-sized battleship, has summed it up by saying, "Worthy-cause organizations are always lousy employers, but of all the do-gooders I've worked for, Baldwin was by far the worst." There was, above all, the matter of salaries. Baldwin's idea was that the staff, like himself, should be willing to accept bad wages in a good cause. By 1940, however, this notion had become archaic. Doing good was by then a profession, and the "cause" worker was no longer an idealistic eccentric but a normal, and therefore normally paid, part of the social mechanism. Morally impressive though it was, Baldwin's refusal to accept more than thirty-six hundred dollars a year meant that most of the other executives' salaries had to be scaled down from there—whence the procession of publicity men. Nor was it better in the humbler jobs. Baldwin held stenographers' salaries down so firmly that only the most moderately skilled would take a job at the Union, with the result that he and his executives often found it simpler to type their own letters. Though he recognized his employees' right to join a union, as a collective bargainer he belonged to the Old, rather than the New, Deal. Things are different now. The present director, Patrick Murphy Malin, gets thirteen thousand five hun-

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HOLIDAY

Summer was another country, where the birds
Woke us at dawn among the dripping leaves
And lent to all our fêtes their sweet approval.
The touch of air on flesh was lighter, keener,
The senses flourished like a laden tree
Whose every gesture finishes in a flower.
In those unwardened provinces we dined
From wicker baskets by a green canal,
Staining our lips with peach and nectarine,
Slapping at golden wasps. And when we kissed,
Tasting that sunlit juice, the landscape folded
Into our clasp, and not a breath recalled
The long walk back to winter, leagues away.

—Adrienne Cecile Rich

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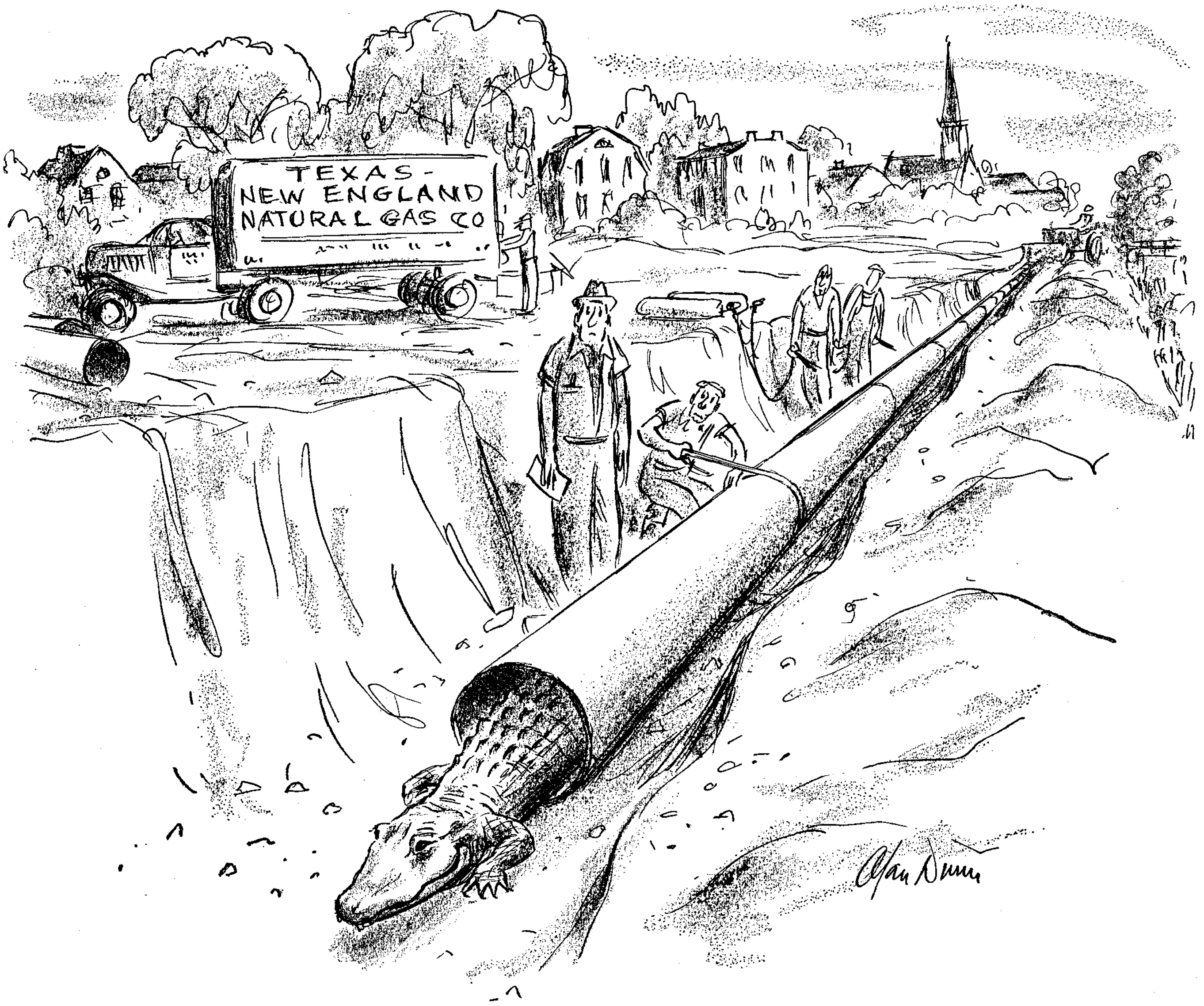

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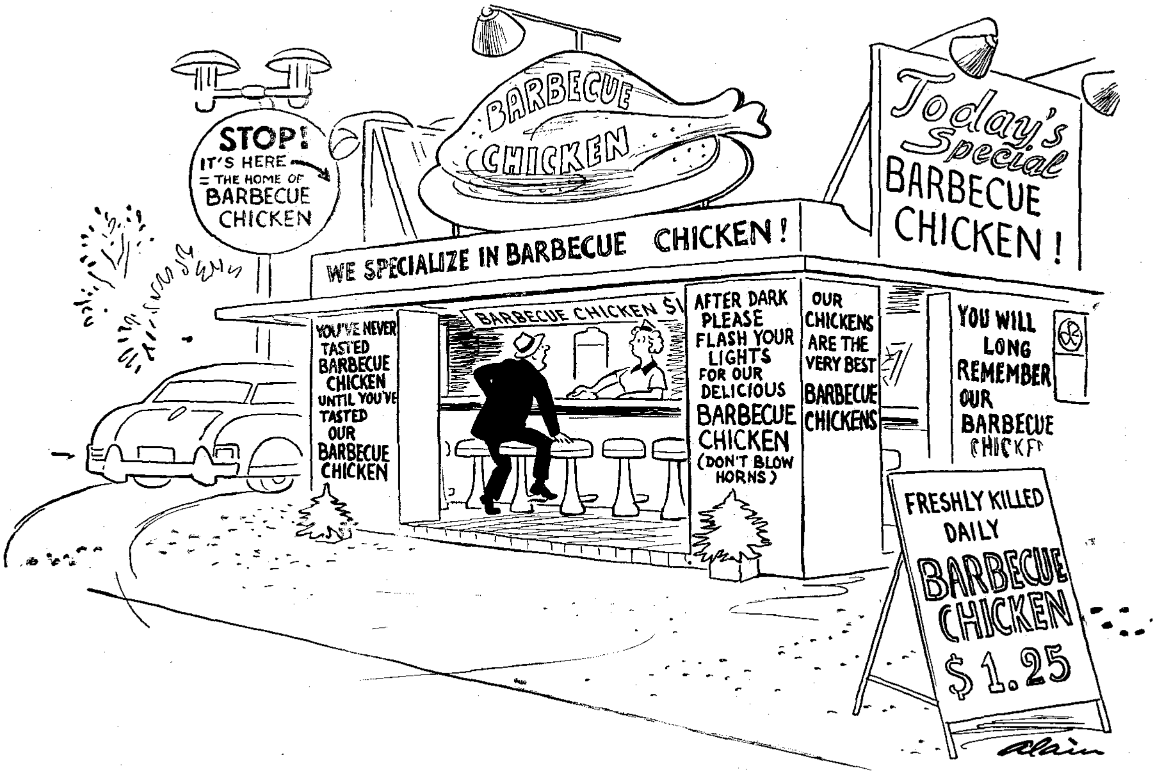
dred dollars a year, and his top aides around seven thousand. Stenographers get up to sixty dollars a week, as against a thirty-seven-fifty maximum under Baldwin, and Local 1707 of the Government and Civic Employees Organizing Committee, C.I.O., no longer finds collective bargaining with the Union a shattering experience. The Union's budget rose from $82,000 to $124,000 the year after Baldwin's resignation. This year it is a quarter of a million dollars.

IN the generally utilitarian landscape of Baldwin's personality, there are two tropical patches. One is cooking. He is expert in all three branches of cookery—home, camp, and fancy. The last he especially enjoys. As the repressed luxuriance of Hester Prynne's nature came out in the richness of her needlework, so Baldwin's unfolds in the concoction of such frivolities as oysters Casino, crêpes Suzette, mushroom omelets, orange bread, blueberry muffins, and desserts drenched in brandy or Cointreau. The only criticism anyone has ever made of his cooking is that he goes too heavy on the onions. One camping companion remembers—the shock is still vivid after many years—the morning he discovered onions in the oatmeal. Baldwin's other uninhibited passion is for nature. He is a chronic hiker, a habitual bird-watcher, a canoe addict, and a slave to the camping-out habit. "My life has been devoted to getting close to rivers," he says. Joseph Freeman has called him "an Audubon with his foot caught in the Constitution." Baldwin is not at all the vague and sentimental type of nature lover; his knowledge is precise, his know-how extensive. He is adept at all the tricks of camping out, can identify any native bird by its call, and is an active member of both the Linnaean and the Audubon Societies.

It might seem hopeless to try to combine regular camp life with so urban a job as running the Union, but Baldwin solved the problem with characteristic ingenuity. "When I moved to New York some fifteen years ago, I sought at once for a refuge in nearby country where afoot or in canoe I could get as close as civilization permits to the wilderness," he wrote in the magazine *Nature* in 1935. "It seemed impossible. Friends smiled at such romance. The naturalists among them had contented themselves with wildlife in the Bronx or in Central Park or Staten Island. . . . But the heart of a lover of rivers, canoes, and deep woods does not throb to such calls." Casting about for a more heart-throbbing kind of wilderness than Staten Island, Baldwin discovered the unpromisingly named Hackensack River. He followed this up through New Jersey's Bergen County and came upon a stretch of forest near Harrington Park, a town about an hour by train from Weehawken. Thoreau, who made nature his vocation and civil liberties his hobby, built his own cabin on Walden Pond, but Baldwin, who has reversed the em-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phasis, settled for a prefabricated job, which he erected under a large hemlock on the riverbank. There, on weekends, he drew strength from contact with Mother Earth. He found the habits of turtles soothing after a week spent observing those of district attorneys. The Hackensack camp lasted twenty years. "I loved that little river and stuck to it as long as I could," Baldwin says. "But the water company finally bought the land out from under me, and in 1940 I had to get out." He moved to the next river valley to the west—the Ramapo—where Dell Brook Farm had caught his eye some time earlier.

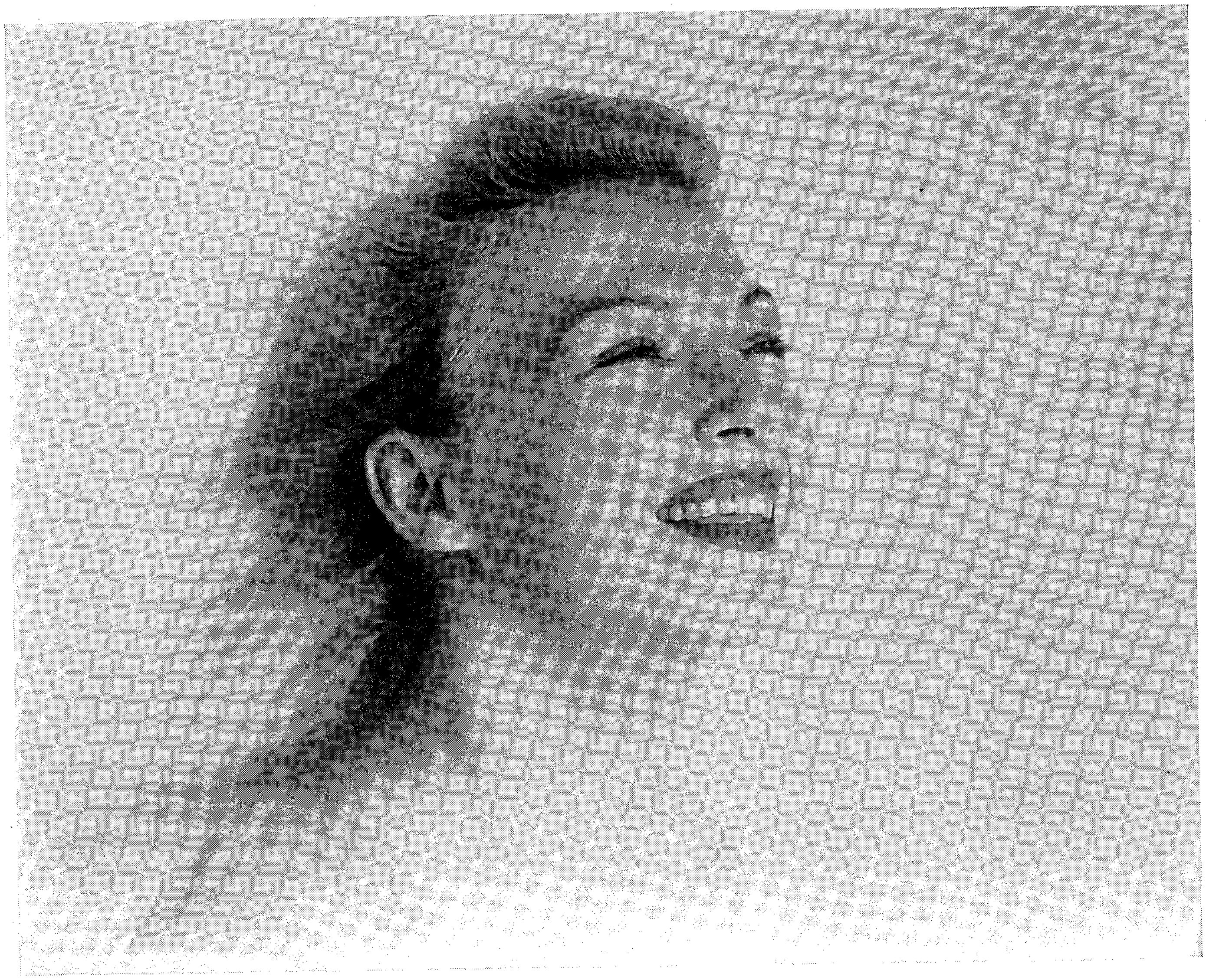
Baldwin once complained that Norman Thomas talked politics even in the woods; Thomas might have retorted that Baldwin practices civil liberties there. In the world of nature as in that of man, Baldwin believes in free competition; in the society of toads and orioles, this means no interference from man, who represents the State. "I prefer to let Nature keep her own balance," he wrote in his *Nature* article. He makes two exceptions—carp and cats. The latter he considers Fifth Columnists in the service of man, as well as notorious killers of birds, for whom he admits a special weakness. As for carp, he has castigated them in *Nature* as "aliens" (they used to swim upriver from the Hackensack reservoir) who "rob our native fishes of food and shelter"—a strange judgment to come from a lifelong defender of the rights of aliens. He disapproves of white paint as unnatural, and insists on painting the cottages at Dell Brook a sickly blue-green, which he thinks blends into the landscape. The tenants call it civil-liberties green. The main house, where the Baldwins live, is white.

Baldwin's pacifism also carries over into his contacts with nature. His idea of dealing with a wasp in the house is to corner it in a teacup and liberate it outdoors, in the spirit of Uncle Toby's apostrophe to the fly: "Go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee? This world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me." He sets traps for cats, but when he accidentally catches reputable citizens like skunks or weasels, he lets them go. At Dell Brook, he patrols the place with the vigilance of a game warden, keenly alert to uphold natural rights. He tolerates having the grass cut, but he grumbles about uprooting poison ivy, and discourages any concerted clearing of underbrush. Shooting woodchucks and trapping moles are also forbidden. When he goes up to Martha's Vineyard in the summer, the Dell Brook tenants happily get out the scythes, traps, axes, Flit guns, and rifles.

BALDWIN was born in 1884 in Wellesley Hills, a suburb of Boston. Both his parents were Mayflower descendants. The family was comfortably off but not wealthy. Frank Fenno Baldwin, the father, was a gentleman of wit and charm who was more interested in ideas and farming than in money-making. He became a vice-president of the American Hide & Leather Co. and, later, an officer of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. A spry, spruce Bostonian, he died three years ago, at the age of ninety-one. He kept up his membership to the end in both the Republican Party and his son's Civil Liberties Union. Baldwin's mother died several years ago, aged eighty-nine. "We Baldwins are hard to kill," the son says. As a stripling of sixty-nine, Baldwin looks forward to at least another quarter century of activity.

It was a big family. Baldwin had half a dozen aunts and uncles on each side, and estimates that he has about forty first cousins around Boston today; he also has three sisters living there, and two brothers—Herbert, an investment counsellor, and Robert, senior vice-president of the Second National Bank. One of his uncles was a partner in Lee, Higginson & Co.; another became president of the Long Island Railroad and is memorialized today in the town of Baldwin, Long Island. The relative Baldwin remembers best is Grandfather William H. Baldwin, the patriarch of the family, who lived in a big house on Beacon Hill that had once belonged to the Reverend William Ellery Channing. A Unitarian and an abolitionist, William Baldwin combined idealism with business acumen in a way not unusual in the Boston of that day. He made a lot of money in the export-import business and devoted most of it to good works, notably the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, which is still in business at the old stand on Boylston Street, under brother Herbert's presidency. He was a friend of Longfellow, Thoreau, Holmes, Emerson, and Phillips Brooks. Young Roger thought of all of them as friends of the family rather than as names in a history book.

Thus, Baldwin was born into the great New England tradition, which blended culture, individualism, and social reform. It was late sunset, but



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the golden rays still retained some warmth; his career might be looked on as an afterglow. "In our family it was hardly respectable not to be a little queer," he recalls. "John Brown of Osawatomie was the family hero, Robert G. Ingersoll the family prophet, and Unitarianism the family religion, probably because it was the closest thing to free thought. We always referred to the local Congregational church as 'the orthodox church.' Some of the grownups in Wellesley Hills had racial prejudices and looked down on the Irish. But not we kids. We all went to the public school, and the whole neighborhood gathered at our place—Yankees, Italians, Negroes, even the Irish. There was always lots of talk in our family about social problems. The Unitarians are great do-gooders, like the Quakers. I was a juvenile member of the Lend-a-Hand Society, which was organized by my mother's pastor, Edward Everett Hale. We kids used to send boxes of wild flowers to hospitals and perform other good works."

BALDWIN went to Harvard as a matter of course. In his freshman year, there was an uprising of the masses against the Gold Coast aristocracy—members of a few select clubs like Porcellian and A. D. who lived in expensive rooms on Mt. Auburn Street. Although a potential Gold Coaster, by birth if not financially, Baldwin sided with the rebels. "The clubs were so exclusive that they had only about fifteen per cent of the student body," he says. "We snowed them under and elected our man class president—a fellow from Kansas, of all places. We rubbed it in, all right." Baldwin also did some hand-lending while he was in college, conducting classes in adult education at the Cambridge Social Union and working in Phillips Brooks House, the college's social-service agency. Besides being earnest, he was talented, handsome, and high-spirited. He could paint a little, write a little, and play the piano and sing passably; he was a member of Hasty Pudding and the Institute of 1770. He got his B.A. in 1904, after three years' study, and took his M.A., in anthropology, the following year.

More or less for want of anything better to do, Baldwin then accepted a job teaching sociology at Washington University, in St. Louis, a city that proved to be just the spot for a young lend-a-hander. Already a leading center of municipal reform, St. Louis became even more eminent in that respect as a result of the ten years Baldwin spent there. A year after his arrival, he was appointed chief probation officer of the city's Juvenile Court, an innovation modelled after Judge Ben Lindsey's pioneering effort in Denver. The following year, he became the first secretary of the National Probation Association.

Long before he was thirty, Baldwin had a national reputation in social work. The late R. Fulton Cutting, a financier interested in good works, invited him to come to New York to head what is now the Community Service Society, but Baldwin chose instead to become executive secretary of the St. Louis Civic League, which had been founded by some local liberals and businessmen interested in "good government." One of his first achievements in that capacity was to put through a new city charter, containing the initiative and the referendum—then fashionable political gimmicks, designed to give more power to the citizenry. The liberated masses promptly responded by voting in a city ordinance that extended racial segregation in housing. With equal promptness, Baldwin, on behalf of the Civic League, instituted a test case, and the ordinance was finally thrown out by the Supreme Court.

It was in St. Louis that Baldwin discovered radicalism. (For all his rebelliousness against Gold Coast snobbery, he had been a political conservative at Harvard, where he declined to attend a lecture by Jack London on Socialism, a doctrine he considered both foolish and dangerous.) He had been in St. Louis only a short time when the late Emma Goldman, billed by the press of that day as the Red Queen of Anarchy, visited the town. "A girl I knew, a trade-union organizer, said, 'Roger, you ought to go hear Emma. It would do you good,' " Baldwin recalls. "I said, 'I won't go near that crazy woman.' She said, 'You Harvard men think you know everything, but you're really just smug and narrow. You ought to want to hear the other side.' She shamed me into going. Emma spoke in a crowded hall in the slums. It was a working-class audience, the kind she was at her best with. I was electrified the moment she opened her mouth. She was a great speaker—passionate, intellectual, and witty. I'd never heard such a direct attack on the

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foundations of society. I became a revolutionist, though I continued to work at practical reform." The next time Miss Goldman showed up in St. Louis, Baldwin, who was by then secretary of the Civic League and practically one of the town fathers, got her speaking dates with the Women's Wednesday Club and other respectable groups. In her autobiography, "Living My Life," which appeared in 1931, she described the young reformer as "a very pleasant person though not very vital—rather a social lion surrounded by society girls . . . a person who tried to be all things to all men."

Later, Miss Goldman changed her mind about Baldwin and wrote him a letter "confessing my unkind judgment." The reason for this *volte-face* was Baldwin's militantly pacifist stand during the First World War—a stand that led him to give up his job in St. Louis and come to New York, where he organized the National Civil Liberties Bureau to protect the Constitutional rights of pacifists and other wartime dissidents, and that culminated in his being sent to prison, on Armistice Day, for defying his draft board. After serving nine months of a year's sentence, he renewed his acquaintance with the underprivileged by bumming around the country for several months as a common laborer, winding up his grand tour by working briefly as second cook at Barney Gallant's restaurant in Greenwich Village.

THE first thing Baldwin did after he settled down again at the National Civil Liberties Bureau was to rechristen it the American Civil Liberties Union. It was much more than a change of name. The Bureau had been set up for the specific purpose of defending people whose civil rights were threatened by the exigencies and, more often, the hysteria of wartime. Now that the war was over, a broader organization was needed to defend the rights of labor organizers, radicals, aliens, nudists, novelists, and other unpopular minorities. Many of the pacifists who had supported the Bureau dropped out, to be replaced by a rich variety of radicals and liberals, ranging from William Z. Foster, now chairman of the Communist Party, to Felix Frankfurter, now a Justice of the Supreme Court.

The problem facing the new Union was not so much the violation of civil liberties as a simple lack of public interest in the subject. During the war, there had been the excitement of fighting against heavy odds for great

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principles. After 1920, there was comparatively little repression, mostly because, as the Union's 1927 report wryly observed, "there is little to repress." Wartime persecution had destroyed the old radical movement, and the Communists were as yet only a few thousand isolated doctrinaires. Even the conservative American Federation of Labor lost half its members between 1920 and 1930. The Big Party was on, the great bull market was roaring, and the "Das Kapital" of the period was Waddill Catchings' and William T. Foster's "Progress and Plenty." The Union, finding the apathy it faced a more dangerous threat to its existence than Red raids or Espionage Acts, would probably not have survived without Baldwin. As an admirer put it years later, "He carried the flag when no one else much cared." Even the late Albert DeSilver, a well-to-do young lawyer who had been drawn to the Union because he could not tolerate the damage wartime excesses were doing to civil liberties and who had financed and run it while Baldwin was in jail, began to wonder what a conservative like himself was doing in that particular galley, and presently resigned.

By the end of the nineteen-twenties, the Union's membership was about twenty-five hundred and its annual budget had hovered at around twenty thousand dollars for the past decade. That made it a fairly small operation, but in those Coolidgean years a liberal organization was doing pretty well just to keep going. The Union played only a minor role in the decade's two big cases—Sacco-Vanzetti and Mooney-Billings. But it got President Coolidge to amnesty the hundred-odd federal prisoners who were still doing time for Espionage Acts convictions, and it saved John Strachey from being deported as a Left Winger. It helped abolish the notorious Pennsylvania coal-and-iron police. It handled the appeal of the Communist leader Benjamin Gitlow from an Espionage Acts conviction, lost the case, but won a clearer definition of free speech by the Supreme Court. It defended Upton Sinclair and other radicals arrested during the 1923 longshoremen's strike in San Pedro, California, and this brought about the founding of a big branch, or affiliate, of the Union in southern California.

The Union's most celebrated case in the twenties, and the most publicized one in its history, was the 1925 "Monkey Trial," in Dayton, Tennessee. Upon learning that the Tennessee legislature had forbidden the teaching of Darwin's theory of evolution in the public schools of the state, the Union advertised that it would defend any teacher who would make a test case. A high-school biology teacher named John Thomas Scopes, before and since unknown to history, finally came forward. Baldwin's original idea was that Arthur Garfield Hays should handle the case on a high Constitutional plane. But when William Jennings Bryan announced that he would personally conduct the prosecution, Clarence Darrow was stimulated to volunteer for the defense. Fearing that a clash between Bryan and Darrow would be such a circus that the serious issues would be forgotten, Baldwin replied that the Union couldn't pay Darrow's usual fee; Darrow said he'd waive his fee. Baldwin replied that the Union couldn't even pay the lawyer's expenses; Darrow replied that he'd be glad to pay his own expenses in so splendid a cause. Baldwin gave up. The circus was even gaudier than he had feared. Pretty much bypassing Mr. Scopes' right to teach freely, the trial centered on the dramatic conflict between Bryan's backwoods fundamentalism and Darrow's village atheism ("You and your fool religion!"). Bryan led with his chin, maintaining that every word of the Bible was literally true. Darrow's examination of the prosecutor, who was called by the defense as an expert witness on the Bible, was brutal. Did the witness really believe that Jonah lived several days in a whale's belly? The Bible says every living creature was drowned in the flood except those on Noah's ark—were the fishes also drowned? If the sun stood still for Joshua, didn't this imply it had been moving around the earth? Did the witness, then, want Copernicus as well as Darwin excluded from the Tennessee schools? It killed Bryan. He died, of exhaustion, a few weeks later. In the end, Scopes was convicted, the Union appealed, and the Tennessee Supreme Court set aside the conviction on a technicality. As Baldwin had feared, the case proved nothing about freedom of teaching. However, Darrow had made Bryan's position so absurd that the fundamentalists lost their nerve; the Tennessee Anti-Evolution Law became a dead letter (the state is now considering its formal repeal), and nothing came of similar laws that had been proposed in other states. The defense cost ten thousand dollars, most of which Baldwin raised, logically enough, from the members of the American Associa-

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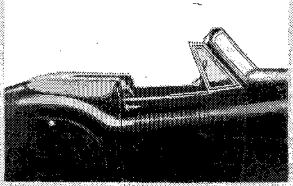

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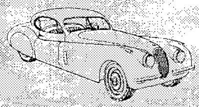

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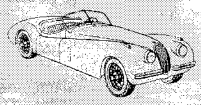

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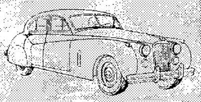

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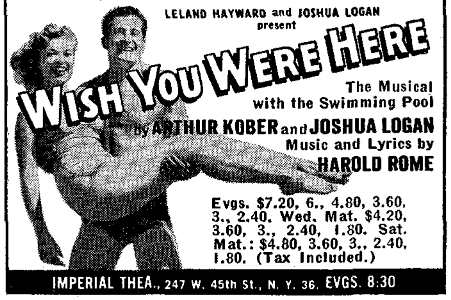
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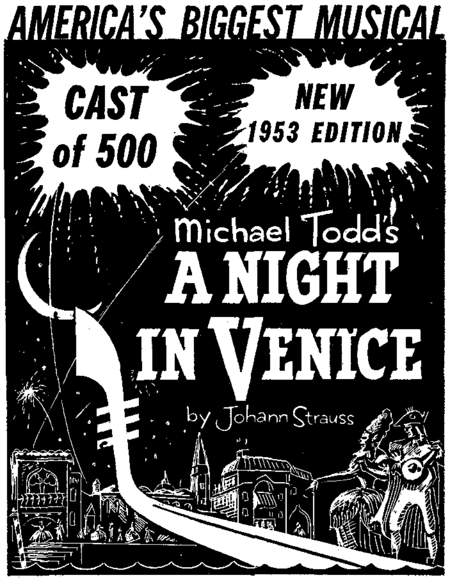
Up to the time of the New Deal, one of the Union's main jobs was the defense of labor's rights. Baldwin was kept busy fighting injunctions, arranging test meetings in communities where the local authorities denied strikers the right "peaceably to assemble," raising bail for strike leaders, and getting lawyers to defend them against charges that ranged from littering the streets to sedition and murder. During the 1924 silk strike in Paterson, New Jersey, he was arrested and given a six-month sentence for unlawful assembly; the conviction was finally reversed, and the statute, which dated from 1796, became another dead letter. Those were antediluvian times. Unions were weak or nonexistent; employers were backed by the courts, the police, and the federal government; a picket line provoked the reaction that a Communist rally does today; labor injunctions were handed out like parking tickets. All this began to change with the Norris-LaGuardia Act of 1932, which drastically limited labor injunctions. Presently, the Supreme Court was upholding the right of free assembly and picketing, and the Wagner Act made it possible for the C.I.O. to organize mass industries. By the end of the thirties, the courts and the federal government were as likely to take labor's side as not, and the unions had become so powerful that their civil liberties were rarely violated; when they were, their own legal staffs handled the matter. Labor cases, consequently, have dwindled to almost nothing in the Union's activities.

Today, John L. Lewis would undoubtedly find it highly amusing if Baldwin offered to defend the rights of the United Mine Workers. But the coal miners used to be Baldwin's steady and grateful customers. In 1921, for example, the miners of Logan and Mingo Counties, West Virginia, after engaging for years in a losing struggle against company gunmen, coal-and-iron police, and "the law," tried a show of force themselves. Ten thousand of them marched with arms against company guards and local police. Shooting broke out, and presently eighteen hundred miners were indicted for treason and murder. The Union raised funds and took on their legal defense. The indictments were ultimately dropped, but Logan and Mingo Counties remained little more than feudal baronies. Baldwin and Arthur Garfield Hays went down in 1923 to see what could be done. "Everybody seemed to be carrying a gun and looking for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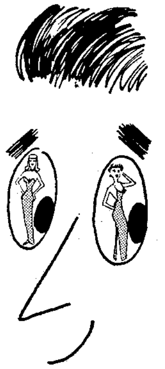
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a chance to use it," Baldwin recalls. "I was scared to death."

IN the twenties, Baldwin, like most liberals, was critically sympathetic toward Soviet Russia. (Later, also in style, he tended to drop the adverb.) In 1925, he edited "Letters from Russian Prisons," a book that is still an important historical source on the Bolsheviks' persecution of their anarchist and Socialist opponents. Baldwin also took a leading part in two abortive American efforts to help the new Soviet order. The first was the Autonomous Industrial Colony of the Kuzbas. This was started in 1922 by some American members of the Industrial Workers of the World, or Wobblies, who had obtained a concession to develop a large area in the Kuzbas region of Siberia. With Baldwin's assistance, they raised half a million dollars and sent over three hundred colonists and a lot of machinery. The colony prospered for a while, but it was autonomous only on paper. The anarchistically minded colonists found they were working for an even more centralized state than the one they had left behind. They were also discouraged by the primitive living conditions, and gradually they drifted back to the United States. The epilogue was the indictment of Baldwin and several others for grand larceny in 1923; agents of the Department of Justice and the New York Bomb Squad persuaded some of the disillusioned colonists to accuse Baldwin of getting money under false pretenses, but the judge dismissed the case before it came to trial. Two years later, undaunted by the Kuzbas fiasco, Baldwin helped raise money, mostly from rich Quakers, to set up an outfit called Russian Reconstruction Farms, Inc., with the object of establishing a huge collective farm in the Caucasus, which was to be worked by local peasants using the latest American farm machinery under the direction of American managers. The Soviet government guaranteed to repay the capital and gave the company a ten-thousand-acre concession. This venture lasted longer than the Kuzbas Colony, but it, too, died of state intervention. The capital was not repaid.

In 1927, Baldwin made his only visit to Russia. The next year, he published a book, "Liberty Under the Soviets," in which the facts were as dismal as the conclusions were rosy. He wrote that he felt "the basic economic freedom of workers and peasants and the abolition of privileged classes based on wealth" outweighed the lack of political freedom

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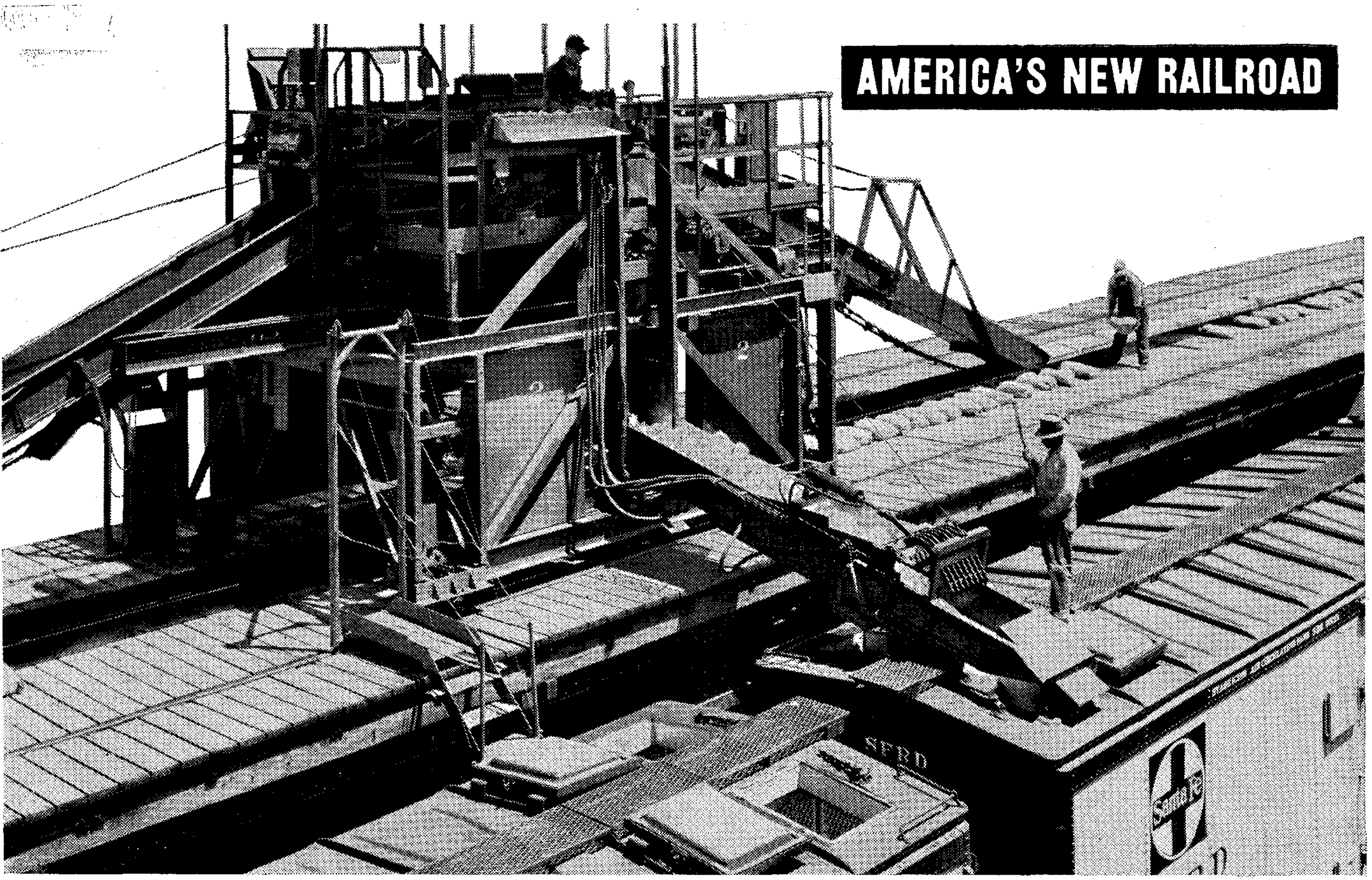
in Russia. That lack, he went on, was in any case only temporary, since "the regime itself is dominated by the economic needs of the workers and peasants. Their liberties won by the Revolution are the ultimate dictators of Soviet policy." In a later edition, published in 1930, he noted that repression had increased, "due to the speeding up of the struggle for socialism." He added that although "the facts have changed their emphasis," he was still hopeful about the Soviet future. And, indeed, for Baldwin the facts at that moment were of little concern. Like a lot of others in the rufous thirties, he chose his road by glossing over unfavorable evidence with the varnish of faith. Many people who were hardheaded about such matters as taxes and the relative merits of automobiles reacted to the Soviet Union like bobby-soxers at the Paramount. Unfavorable data made no impression. It was like telling a lover that his beloved squints.

Baldwin never became a Communist but, along with quite a number of other liberals, he joined several of the Communist fronts that sprang up all over the place. The spell of Communism for people like Baldwin seems to have been that at last they could identify themselves with power without feeling guilty. Baldwin's political language, in America a despised minority dialect, was now spoken throughout a sixth of the globe. A vast international movement, backed by a powerful government, was going his way—or seemed to be. For years, he had been in a tiny minority; as one of his friends later put it, "He was probably beginning to wonder if he was going to end up as just another queer guy on the margin." The margin has never appealed to Baldwin as a permanent habitat, and the various Communist fronts seemed capable of taking him right into the center. His practical energy and his talent for diplomatic maneuvering, cramped in the pure but powerless anarcho-pacifist milieu in which he had long labored, now found an outlet; he became a valued, even a flattered, associate of people who made things happen. There were also two more immediate reasons for the stand he shared with other liberals: The depression of the early thirties made Communist economics look good, and the rise of Hitler made the Soviet Union appear the only reliable counterforce to Fascism—an illusion that the Communists fostered with their popular-front devices. In the name of anti-Fascism, Baldwin winked at things he normally would have denounced.

The conduct of the American Comrades was embarrassing to Baldwin. The Kremlin was far away and its tactics were not always discernible, but the Comrades were right here and were just as blunt as Stalin and his henchmen about their contempt for civil liberties and, considering that the police were not on their side, as ruthless in practice. When the Trotskyists complained that Communist strong-arm squads were breaking up their meetings, the Union appointed an investigating committee, which on September 19, 1932, reported that this was (alas!) true. Baldwin took the matter up with a Communist leader, who said merely, "You defend free speech because you believe in it for everybody. We break up meetings because we don't believe in it for our enemies."

On February 16, 1934, a mass meeting was held in Madison Square Garden to honor the Viennese Socialist workers who had died resisting the Dollfuss *Putsch*. It was called by the Socialists and several garmentworkers' unions. The Communists were not invited, since they were bitter enemies both of those who were sponsoring the meeting and of those in whose memory it was being held. They went anyway—several thousand of them, led by Clarence Hathaway, then editor of the *Daily Worker*. They marched into the Garden with banners and a band, shouted down the speakers, got into fist fights with the pro-Socialist audience, and rushed the speakers' platform. The meeting was thrown into hopeless disorder, and finally the police cleared the Garden.

It was a great scandal. Baldwin's first reactions were despair and condemnation. The episode split the American League Against War and Fascism, a so-called united front of Communists, Socialists, and liberals. Baldwin was on its national committee. The League's president was J. B. Matthews, who was then a Socialist and who has just resigned, under Presidential pressure, as executive staff director of Senator McCarthy's Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, this being the latest milestone in a hegira whose tortuous length has included a post with Congressman Martin Dies' Committee on Un-American Activities. He wired Baldwin for advice. Baldwin wired back, "SUCH TACTICS MAKE COOPERATION WITH COMMUNISTS INEFFECTIVE. . . . THINK WE NON-COMMUNISTS BETTER WITHDRAW." Matthews thereupon resigned from the League, as did some other Socialists and



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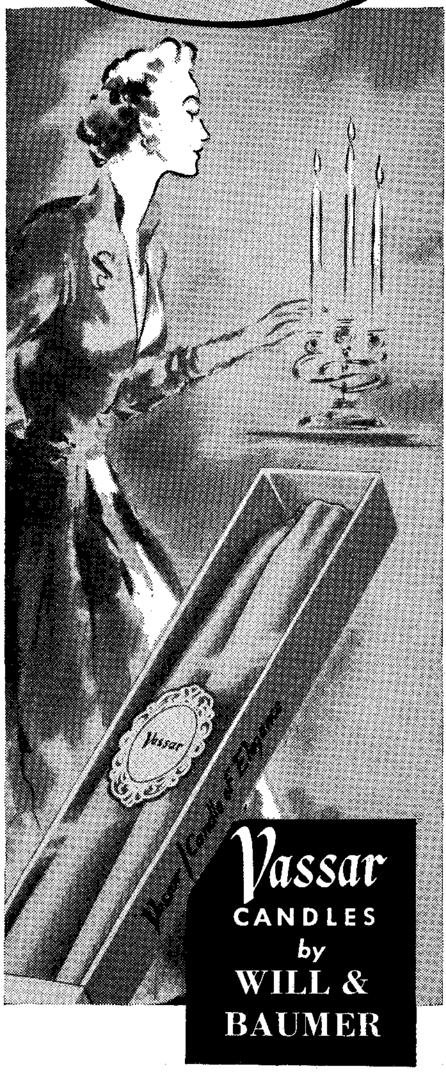

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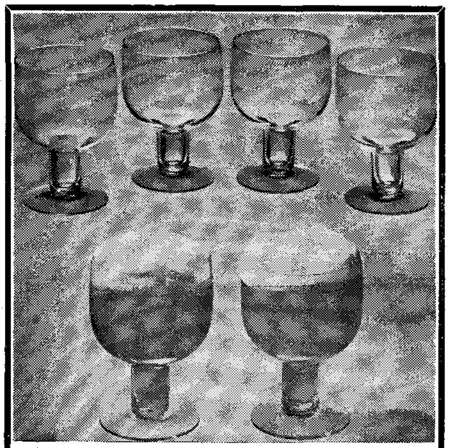
liberals. Baldwin, however, did not resign. More (or possibly less) sober second thoughts led him, a month later, to join Earl Browder in declaring that "the League does not assume the function of judgment" and to urge Matthews to reconsider his resignation. When Matthews declined, he was succeeded by Professor Harry F. Ward, of the Union Theological Seminary, who had been chairman of the Civil Liberties Union since 1920 and who by 1934 had become a well-known fellow-traveller.

Baldwin later declared that his change of heart about resigning from the League was due only in part to introspection. "After Madison Square Garden, the League was in danger of breaking up," he said. "Browder and Hathaway came to me and privately apologized for what had happened. They admitted they hadn't a leg to stand on. Later, Browder asked me to drop in at Party headquarters. He said that they were having a hard time keeping liberals in the League and that I was the only one who could persuade them to stay. I said I would try, and I did keep the League from folding. The Socialists wouldn't come back, though. They might have if Browder and Hathaway had apologized publicly, instead of privately to me, but, of course, Moscow would never have let them do that. You know how Communists are. I stuck with the League because I wanted to fight Fascism."

The Union's official reaction to the Madison Square Garden fracas was temperate. A commission of inquiry was appointed, which included Baldwin and was weighted with Communist sympathizers. Its report criticized the Communists for breaking up the meeting and the Socialists for their way of handling it. "[Our] object," it stated, "was . . . to determine what moves might be made to avoid such clashes in the future." With this in view, it suggested that the Socialists should get the Communists to try to work out a non-aggression pact.

TO the September, 1934, issue of *Soviet Russia Today*, Baldwin contributed an article that marks his Farthest North—that, in fact, went all the way to the Pole. The specific problem he wrestled with was how he could be for liberty in the United States and for dictatorship in the Soviet Union. He met it head on. "I, too, take a class position," he wrote. "It is anti-capitalist and pro-revolutionary. . . . If I aid the reactionaries to get free speech now



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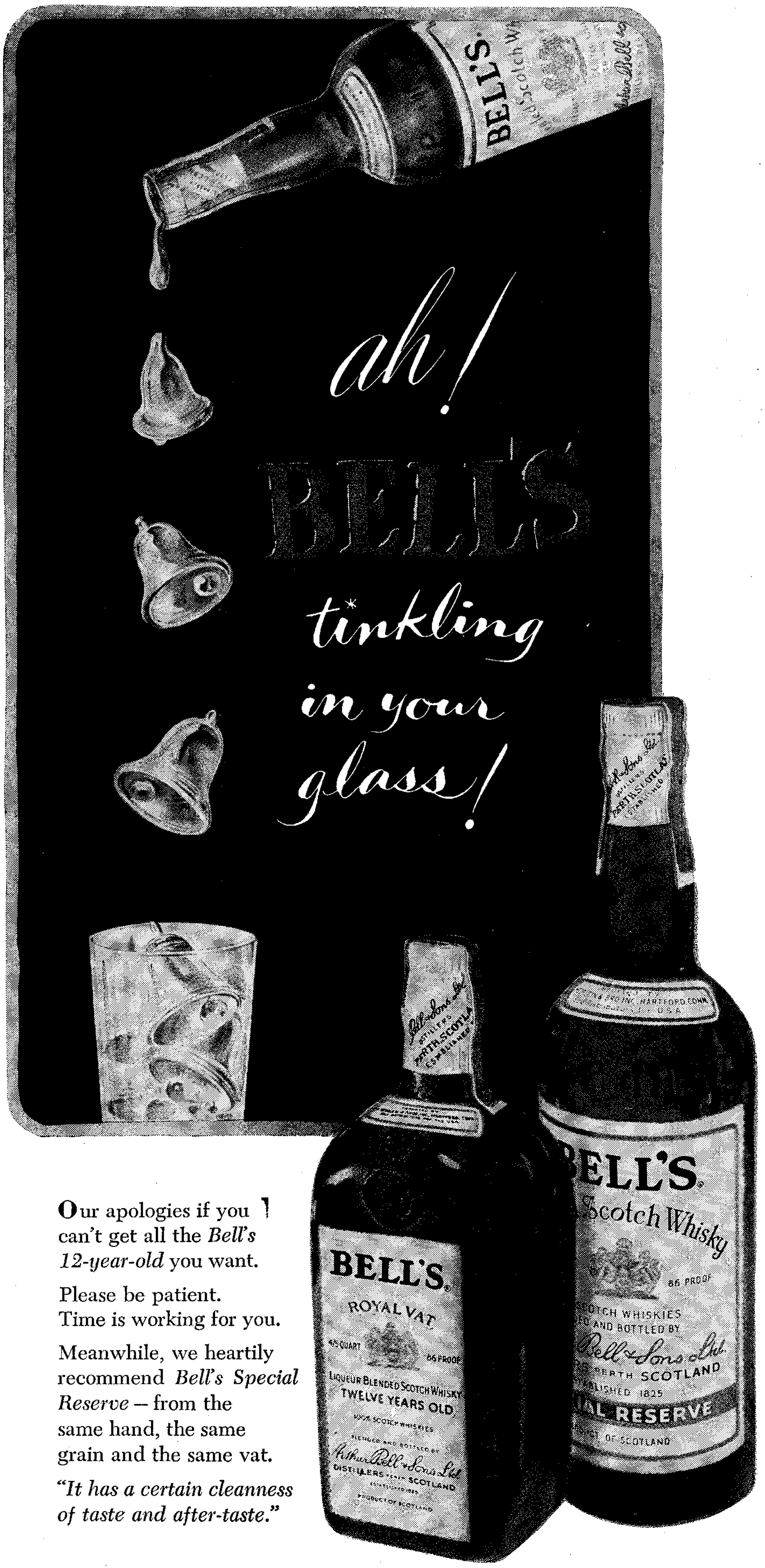
and then, if I go outside the class struggle to fight against censorship, it is only because those liberties help to create a more hospitable atmosphere for working-class liberties. The class struggle is the central conflict of the world, all others are incidental. When that power of the working class is once achieved, as it has been only in the Soviet Union, I am for maintaining it by any means whatever. Dictatorship is the obvious means in a world of enemies, at home and abroad. . . . If American workers, with no real liberties save to change masters or, rarely, to escape from the working class, could understand their class interests, Soviet 'workers' democracy' would be their goal. And if American champions of civil liberty could all think in terms of economic freedom as the goal of their labors, they too would accept 'workers' democracy' as far superior to what the capitalist world offers to any but a small minority. Yes, and they would accept—regretfully of course—the necessity of dictatorship while the job of reorganizing society on a socialist basis is being done."

Baldwin has since explained how he came to write the article and why he long ago abandoned its point of view: "After the rise of Hitler, I was enough alarmed by the threatened spread of Fascist dictatorship to express some rather extreme views in favor of the Soviet dictatorship and working-class power. For years I had entertained the hope, shared by so many liberals, that the Soviet Union would develop, despite its dictatorship, toward a genuine democracy and economic freedom. Events proved that hope unfounded. Growing evidence, from the 1937 purges on, convinced me that the proved evils of the Communist regime far outweighed any possible good. The clinching evidence of the infamous Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939 ended any slight hopes I retained. I resigned from every connection with the Communists. We liberals thought we were using the Communists for our ends, and then the Pact showed us they were using us for Russia's. I felt I'd been duped. Since then, I have been a consistent opponent of the Soviet dictatorship, of Communism, and of all coöperation with Communists. Events have also convinced me that progress is not fairly measured in terms of 'class struggle.' As far as the views I expressed in 1934 under the threat of Fascism appear to deny or compromise the principles of democratic liberties, I repudiate them as completely as events have repudiated for liberals any choice whatever between dictator-



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ships." When the Red Army invaded Finland, Baldwin sealed his apostasy by acting as co-chairman, with Reinhold Niebuhr, of a public meeting for Finnish war relief.

Even in the thirties, Baldwin was a "united fronter" with a difference—the difference being simply his own angular personality. "We never really trusted Roger politically," Hede Massing, who knew the Baldwins in the thirties, when she was an undercover G.P.U. agent here, has recalled. "He was often useful, but we didn't think of him as one of our own." The worm of New England conscience in Baldwin was never wholly stilled. To be sure, he refused to join or help John Dewey's Trotsky Defense Committee, but he did help Trotsky find asylum in Mexico, in 1937. Later, when Baldwin applied to Ambassador Troyanovsky for a visa to visit Russia again, the Ambassador was amused. "Do you really think my government will let you in when you have helped our worst enemy?" he asked.

"Why, that's just plain civil liberty," answered Baldwin.

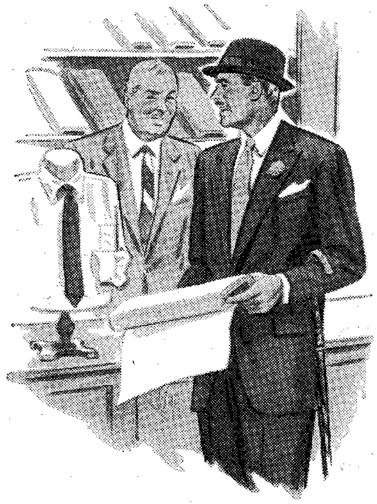
"Not as we practice it," said the Ambassador.

Curiously, Baldwin's *Soviet Russia Today* article caused hardly a ripple in his Union. It may have been the temper of the times, which agreed with Baldwin in choosing Stalin's dictatorship as a lesser evil than Hitler's. Or perhaps the other members of the Union's board realized that such formulations need not, for all their Marxist rigor, be taken too seriously when they came from Baldwin, a man of action rather than a thinker. The immediate situation has often spurred him to more extreme ideological commitments than a more reflective man would make. But, by the same token, he has more easily forsaken his theories if later events have exerted a different pressure. As Baldwin's enthusiasm cooled in the light of the Soviet purges and other Russian scandals, he began to side more often with the outspoken anti-Communists on the Board and to infiltrate it with conservatives.

The Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939, which was such a traumatic experience for Baldwin, also threw the Union into its most severe internal crisis. On February 5, 1940, after much backing and filling, the Board and the National Committee finally adopted a resolution, supported by Baldwin, that held it "inappropriate for any person to serve on the governing committees of the Union or its staff who is a member of any political organization which supports totalitarian dictatorship in any country, or who by his public declarations indicates his support of such a principle." The Soviet Union and the Communist Party, along with the Bund and Nazism and Fascism, were specifically mentioned as "totalitarian." Harry F. Ward resigned as chairman, and was replaced by John Haynes Holmes. Following Ward's action, the other fellow-travellers mostly resigned or were quietly dropped when their terms expired. A notable exception was Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, an old radical comrade of Baldwin's and a Board member for twenty years, who had joined the Communist Party in 1937 and was in 1940, as she is now, on its Central Committee. Miss Flynn just wouldn't resign, and at last, with some embarrassment, the Board expelled her.

IN spite of its troubles with the Communists, the Union prospered in the thirties. In 1930, it reported six times as many violations of civil liberties as it had the year before. From the Union's point of view, this was not wholly bad news; unemployment begat rebellion, which begat repression, which begat interest in the Union, doctors being most valued in an epidemic. In the next year or so, Baldwin succeeded in getting some affiliates started in other parts of the country. Then the New Deal began, and liberals were presently writing laws instead of objecting to them. By 1936, the Union had twenty-six affiliates, and its membership had doubled. Labor unions became respectable, the Ku Klux Klan faded to insignificance, and the American Legion pretty much limited its violence to the discharging of water pistols at conventions. Above all, the Supreme Court began to enforce the Bill of Rights.

When, in 1930, President Hoover appointed Charles Evans Hughes as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Senator George W. Norris, among other liberals, objected because Hughes was a conservative—"one of the best minds of the eighteenth century." But it was just Hughes' eighteenth-century belief in abstract principles—and that typical eighteenth-century expression of them, the Constitution—that made him take the Bill of Rights seriously. Although Hughes voted against most New Deal social measures, he also reshaped the Court into a defender of free speech. The Hughes Court collaborated with the Union to carry the Bill of Rights down to state and local levels. The climax of this concerted effort was its 1939 decision in a suit brought by the Union and the C.I.O. against Mayor Frank Hague, of Jersey City, for inter-



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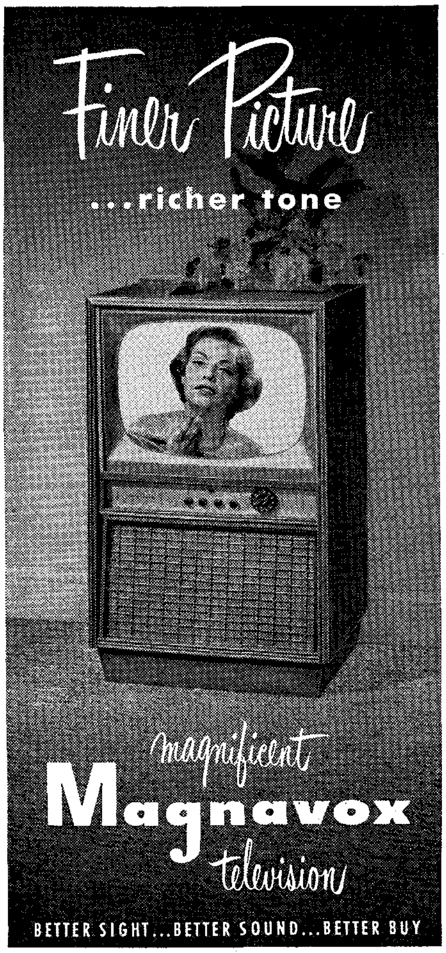
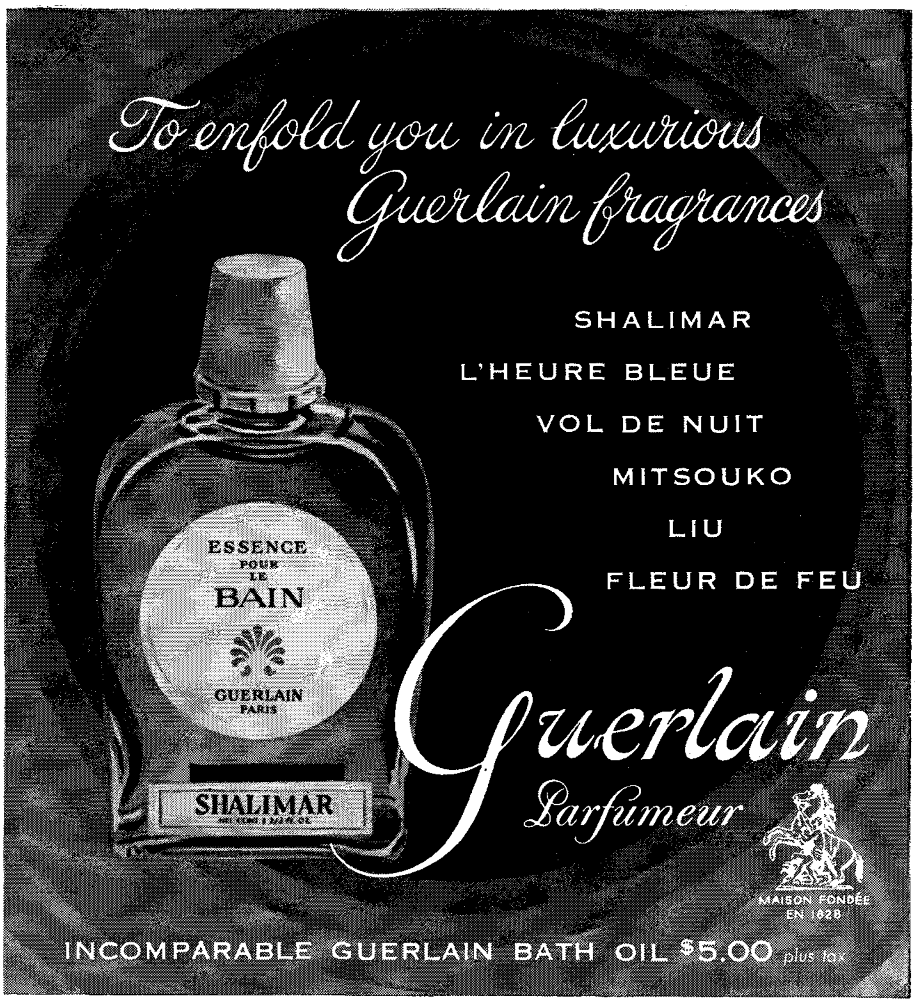


fering with their rights to speak and hold public meetings. It was Mayor Hague's custom when he disapproved of a meeting scheduled to be held in his city to cite his sworn duty to prevent "riots, disturbances, or disorderly assemblage." If the C.I.O. or the Socialists, for example, announced a meeting, and Hague's supporters threatened to break it up, Hague's cops would forbid it in the interests of law and order. This ancient device for bypassing the First Amendment had theretofore been accepted by the Court. In the Court's 1939 ruling against Hague, it reasoned that the duty of the police is to protect Constitutional rights, and not to take them away simply because others threaten to do so. It reaffirmed this modest exercise in logic in 1949, when it reversed the conviction of Father Terminiello, a Fascist-minded priest in Chicago who had been found guilty of inciting to violence after a Communist-led group had broken up one of his meetings.

The victory against Hague marked the end of an era. It was the last great free-for-all in which everybody got into the act—the Socialists, the Communists, the C.I.O., and the Union, as well as the Workers Defense League, a smaller and younger civil-liberties outfit. It was also the last big case in which direct action played a part. Norman Thomas got himself egged and arrested; Baldwin conducted a tense meeting in a local church; and C.I.O. workers joined battle with American Legionnaires. The fact was that by 1939 Jersey City had become a feudal enclave in the American scene. Hague seems to have realized he had become anachronistic. The day after the Supreme Court decision, he called up Morris Ernst and asked him to draw up "the best free-speech ordinance in the country." Ernst drafted a utopian document, which went through the Jersey City Council in five minutes, the members having been given to understand that the boss wanted free speech right away, and no nonsense about it. Once they got the word, the boys went all out for the First Amendment. The victors staged a triumphal meeting in the heart of Jersey City, under the benevolent eyes of the police force. Escorting Baldwin to the subway afterward, the Chief of Police deferentially inquired whether everything had been satisfactory.

THE Union's report issued in June, 1939, was a chronicle of glad tidings. Communists and radicals were tolerated by most Americans, if not



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admired. Senator Robert M. La Follette's Committee on Civil Liberties had wound up a remarkably effective investigation, which was largely responsible for putting an end to strikebreaking and labor espionage. That year also brought the Union some unexpected allies. Attorney General Frank Murphy created a special Civil Liberties Unit in the Department of Justice, and the American Bar Association established a Committee on Civil Rights. It looked as though Baldwin and his Union were at last entering the promised land. But that fall, with an ironical patness that approached melodrama, the Second World War began. While the "phony war" period lasted, things weren't bad at all; indeed, early in 1940 the Union rather prematurely congratulated the nation on showing few signs of the 1917-20 hysteria. But when the German armies overran Europe in the spring of 1940 and the war suddenly became real, the response was swift and violent. Congress at once passed the Alien Registration Act, better known as the Smith Act. In spite of its formal title, the Smith Act's most significant section applies not only to aliens but to citizens. This is the section that makes it unlawful to advocate the overthrow of the government by force. "Here at last is the Federal peacetime sedition law which [Attorney General] A. Mitchell Palmer and his associated patrioteers tried to scare the country into passing twenty years ago without success," wrote Professor Zechariah Chaffee, Jr., who is a member of the faculty of the Harvard Law School and a distant cousin of Baldwin's, in his book "Free Speech in the U.S."

The Union's immediate concern, however, was not so much with the Smith Act as with an instance of what might be called "grass-roots," or "popular," persecution, something the Common Man thought up all by himself, which took the form of a nationwide outburst of mob attacks on that curious religious sect, Jehovah's Witnesses. The Witnesses are irritating people at any time. Like the early Christians, most of them are poor, ignorant, and fanatical. They condemn all churches, abhor all wars, and despise all governments. Moreover, being simple folk, they not only talk about their convictions but act on them by refusing to vote, serve on juries, salute the flag, or be drafted; by preaching on street corners and selling their copious literature wherever there are crowds; by ringing doorbells and playing propaganda records to those who will listen and those

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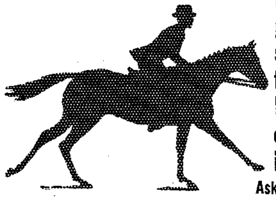

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who won't. Between May and October of 1940, the Union found, one thousand four hundred and eighty-eight Witnesses were mobbed in three hundred and thirty-five communities, spread over forty-four states. Defending Jehovah's Witnesses was no novelty to Baldwin; he had been doing it since 1920. "They're the most litigious people we've ever dealt with," he observes admiringly. It took the Witnesses—and the Union—twenty years of litigation to get their children exempted from saluting the flag in school.

Pearl Harbor opened a new chapter in the history of the Union and of civil liberties—one of repression within the law, rather than outside it. Episodes like the Detroit race riots in 1943 and the anti-Communist outbreak in Peekskill in 1949 indicate that the old American tradition of violence is latent rather than dead, but by far the most serious violations of the Bill of Rights since 1941 have been committed not by mobs but by the government of the United States itself, panoplied in the armor of legality. Against this new antagonist, the Union has not done so well. In some pacifist circles, its epitaph is "Born in the First World War—Died in the Second." Exaggerated though this may be, it is undeniable that Baldwin's Bureau was much bolder and more energetic in the first war than his Union was in the second. This may have been partly because as Baldwin and the Union grew older, they became more conservative, but probably the chief reason was that they felt the second war had a moral justification that the first had lacked. For one thing, in the second war the United States was directly attacked. For another, the Kaiser's Germany was not radically different, politically or morally, from our own society, but Hitler's Germany was, as present-day Russia is. It is thus understandable (whether it is excusable is another question) that during the war the Union was often lukewarm about taking on the cases of people against whom the government has invoked that most awful of modern sanctions—national security. The fact that it is often precisely such people whose rights most need defending has helped to give the Union's post-1940 record a slightly blurred look.

The first of these awkward cases arose soon after Pearl Harbor, when President Roosevelt issued an executive order allowing the Army to establish military zones anywhere in the United States and to remove from them anybody whose presence it considered dangerous to national security. By that

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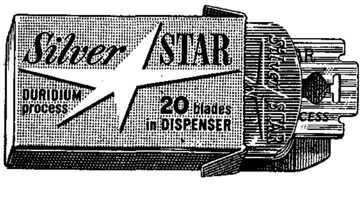

fall, the Army had deported from the Pacific Coast the entire Japanese-American population of that region—some 115,000 persons, of whom almost two-thirds were citizens—and installed them in government camps farther inland. The Army's only criterion was racial; every person of Japanese ancestry was presumed to be a "security risk." No individual hearings were held, and the removal was effected so hastily that the victims lost heavily in forced sales of their homes, businesses, and farms. It was only after the Japanese had been put into the camps that they were given hearings. A few thousand were found to have "disloyal attitudes." The others, however, were not permitted to return to their homes.

The Union's reaction was feeble and confused, at least in the early months, when a strong stand might have made some difference. (It later called the Japanese evacuation "the worst single violation of the civil rights of American citizens in our history," but this boldness came long after the issue had become academic.) At a sparsely attended Board meeting held right after the President's order, Norman Thomas put through a resolution for strong protest action. Nothing was done, though, and at the next, and better-attended, meeting, Thomas's resolution was so watered down that he complained it was "meaningless." The majority of the members replied that they were unwilling to put up a direct challenge to the President's war powers. Eleven days after the President's order, Baldwin got around to making the first public statement on the matter for the Union. He criticized the order briefly, and added, "The Union has not the slightest intention of interfering with any necessary moves to protect the West Coast area. We recognize this as the first and essential consideration." Three weeks later, he attempted a fuller statement. The Union, he said, considered the order "open to grave question" on Constitutional grounds, urged that individual hearings be held, and expressed the hope that there would be "an effort to reconcile, as far as possible, civil rights with military necessities." These two statements by Baldwin were the sum total of the Union's public activities in behalf of the Japanese-Americans during the crucial early months while the evacuation was getting under way.

The Board argued for four months over whether the President's order was Constitutional or not. The argument was finally settled by a joint vote of the Board and the National Committee. A fifty-one-to-twenty-six majority maintained that the order was Constitutional but that civilians should enforce it, that individual hearings should be held, and that property rights should be protected. By then, however, the Army was half through with the job. Two Union affiliates in California, after initial hesitation, took a much firmer stand than the parent body; they carried two cases up to the Supreme Court, which ruled—three years later, after the camps had been closed—that the government could not detain citizens whose loyalty had been established, and simultaneously upheld the President's order and the Army's right to set up military zones and remove from them anybody it thought dangerous. Thus the government won on the important issue: It can imprison citizens first and inquire into their loyalty later. Writing in the March, 1945, issue of the *Columbia Law Review*, Nanette Dembitz, a liberal lawyer, called attention to these decisions as the first in the history of the United States in which the Supreme Court had upheld the punishing of citizens solely because of their race.

The wartime Board was now split into two definite factions. The majority, led by Whitney North Seymour, a prominent Republican lawyer who had joined the Board in 1939, tended to put the war effort ahead of civil liberties. The minority, led by Norman Thomas, took the opposite stand. There was another sharp division of opinion on whether compulsory civilian service, or a "labor draft," would be Constitutional. Another joint vote of the Board and National Committee decided that it would. The Union was then in the peculiar position of approving in advance a restriction of liberty that the government itself never got around to imposing. Disagreement also arose over how far the Union should go in defending Nazis and Fascists. The Board ultimately accepted a compromise proposed by Baldwin, the gist of which was, "The Union will not participate—except where fundamentals of due process are denied—in cases where, after investigation, there are grounds for belief that the defendant is coöperating with... the enemy." ("I hated to write that one, and I'm ashamed of it now," he says.) The compromise satisfied neither side. The majority grumbled when Baldwin continued to help people with Fascist tendencies exercise their right of free speech; the minority thought persons accused of treason should be, like other defendants, presumed to be innocent until they were proved guilty. By the beginning of 1943, the minority had become so discouraged that some of its members, including Norman Thomas, thought of resigning and making a public statement on their position. However, Holmes and Baldwin persuaded them that things would improve—as, in fact, they did, especially after the war began to go better.

MOST conscientious objectors think that the Union let them down during the war, or at least that it seemed to consider handling C.O. cases a duty rather than a pleasure. When the 1940 draft law was passed, a New York man named Albert Herling and four other C.O.s refused to register, because they wanted to make a test case. Twenty-three years earlier, the Union's forerunner, the Civil Liberties Bureau, had taken a test case of the 1917 draft law up to the Supreme Court, which upheld the law, but in 1940 the Union refused to help Herling and his associates. The majority of the Board felt that the 1917 decision had decided the issue. The Herling group called on Baldwin and pointed out that the 1917 law was a wartime draft, while the 1940 law was not. "Your stand is foolish," he told them. "You haven't a chance of winning. We can't go into such a hopeless case." "We have some foolish precedents, anyway," Herling replied. "Your own in the last war, for one."

Baldwin may have been right about the hopelessness of the case. (The Union has often taken on hopeless cases, though, when it thought an important principle was involved.) It took the jury before which the Herling case was tried less than a minute to find Herling and his fellow-C.O.s guilty, and the Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the conviction. The case never got to the Supreme Court, because the defendants, by then in prison, couldn't raise the money to continue the fight. Nor has the Union tested the 1940 Draft Act since the war ended, although its 1949 report stated that the Board, backed by a straw vote of the membership, was opposed to peacetime conscription.

As the war went on, pacifists felt it necessary to set up their own defense agency—the National Committee for Conscientious Objectors, later incorporated into the Union, in what proved to be an unhappy marriage on both sides—and after the war they created their own committee on amnesty. In short, in the First World War, Baldwin and his organization fought hard to get every-

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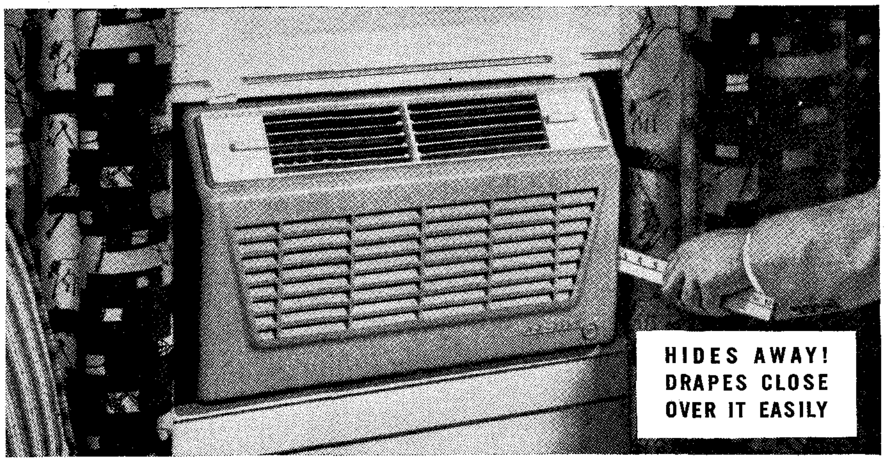

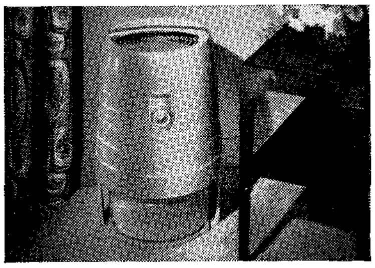

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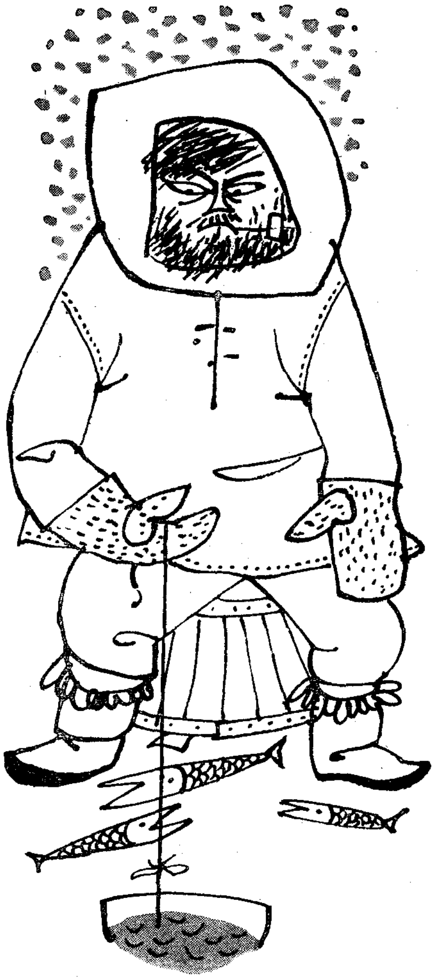

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thing that was possible, and much that was impossible, for pacifists. In the Second, they went through the legal forms but appeared to lack aggressiveness and enthusiasm, two extralegal qualities that are usually considered essential to the effective defense of unpopular persons.

Since the war, the Communists have become the most unpopular minority in this country. The fact that the Union specifically excludes them from its leadership and from its staff—though not from its membership—has not changed its belief that they, too, are protected by the Bill of Rights. It thinks both the Smith and the McCarran Acts are unconstitutional. It opposes loyalty oaths for teachers, or for anybody else. It objects to pro-Communists' being refused temporary visas for entry into this country. It concedes the government's right to fire pro-Communist employees if they are in "sensitive" jobs where security is involved, but not otherwise. Along these lines, it recently got a court order reinstating a former Communist in his New York City job as a washroom attendant; the court agreed with the Union that this was a non-sensitive job. But it objects to the investigative procedure by which the accused is not allowed to confront his accusers, and to the Attorney General's practice of making public without advance hearing the names of groups regarded as subversive by his office. Because the Union, now as always, defends the rights of Communists, as it does the rights of Fascists and Republicans, it is often charged with being pro-Communist. Last summer, the American Legion convention demanded an "investigation" of the Union as an allegedly pro-Communist group, without any results to date, and Senator McCarthy has made the same charge by innuendo. Perhaps the Union's main public-relations task today is patiently and constantly to explain, when such onslaughts are made, that supporting people's rights to be or say something is not the same thing as supporting what they are or say.

IN 1947, General MacArthur invited Baldwin to visit Japan and inspect the state of civil liberties under the Occupation. Baldwin accepted, with the stipulation that he go as a private citizen, so that he might be free to criticize. This precaution turned out to be unnecessary. He and MacArthur took to each other right away. "We saw the problem of civil rights eye to eye," Baldwin recalls. He travelled all over Japan, conferring,

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asking questions, speaking at meetings, giving interviews, and laying the foundation for a Japanese Civil Liberties Union, which came into existence the following year. His general impression was extremely favorable. Someone in Tokyo asked him, "How did you get in here? Aren't you some kind of revolutionist?" "Yes," answered Baldwin, "and this is the greatest revolution I've seen, and General MacArthur is leading it."

Baldwin's Japanese trip was a turning point in his political life. After he got home, he wrote an informal report on it, which he called "A Balance Sheet of the Occupation," and sent copies of it to the War Department and to MacArthur and his aides. He also wrote several magazine articles that recall his 1934 *Soviet Russia Today* outburst in their manner of reporting seemingly unfavorable data without taking a particularly gloomy view of it. He recorded MacArthur's quelling of certain Communist-led strikes and quoted approvingly his retort to a Russian general: "Since when has the Soviet government permitted a strike?" The trip also changed Baldwin's ideas about generals. "Imagine an anti-militarist like me falling for MacArthur," he says, wonderingly. "Why, on civil liberties he's as liberal as I am!"

AT the beginning of 1950, after thirty years in office, Baldwin retired as director of the American Civil Liberties Union. The Union threw a big party at the Waldorf for him—an afternoon of panel discussions followed by a formal dinner at which five hundred liberals, at ten dollars a plate, listened to speeches by Senator Herbert H. Lehman; Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., of Harvard; Henri Langier, the Assistant Secretary-General of the U.N.; and others. Baldwin's farewell address was much the liveliest speech. President Truman and the chairmen of the Democratic and Republican parties sent him congratulatory telegrams. The *Times*, which in 1917 had greeted his newborn Civil Liberties Bureau with an editorial jubilantly headed "JAILS ARE WAITING FOR THEM!," now fell into step in the march of progress with an editorial of stately appreciation.

Since his resignation as director of the Union, Baldwin, in addition to serving as chairman of its National Committee, has engaged in various miscellaneous activities. These have included working, as a director of the Marshall Trust, to help Mexican-Americans form an organization to protect their

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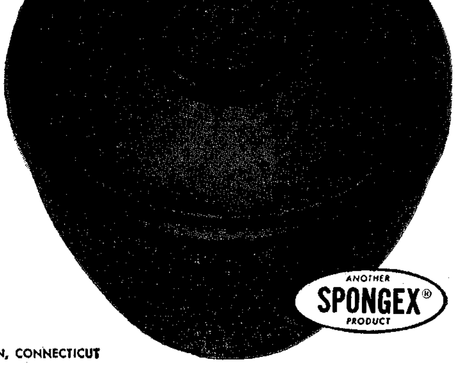

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civil rights, and heading the Foreign Policy Committee of the 1952 convention of the Americans for Democratic Action, which earned him his one and only notice to date by Senator McCarthy. Most of his time, however, has been given to the chairmanship of the International League for the Rights of Man. Founded in New York in 1942 by European refugees, the League coordinates the supranational activities of twenty-one civil-liberties groups, in eighteen countries, ranging from the Union itself to the Ligue Luxembourgeoise pour la Défense des Droits de l'Homme. It gets a lot done on an annual budget of forty-six hundred dollars because no one connected with it, except the clerical help, draws pay. (Baldwin's salary from this source has thus reached perfection, or $0.00.)

The League works mostly through the United Nations, where it is a recognized non-governmental organization, but on occasion it protests or appeals directly to governments. It does what it can, which is usually not much, about such things as the holding of some Communists in "preventive detention" in India; Perón's closing up of *La Prensa*; the sentencing of nineteen high-school students in Werdau, Eastern Germany, to a total of a hundred and thirty years' imprisonment for political activity; and the detention by the Venezuelan military junta of six thousand political prisoners. Much of Baldwin's work with the League has centered around an attempt to get an International Bill of Rights through the U.N. A Universal Declaration of Human Rights was adopted in 1948, despite the protests of the Soviet bloc, but this was merely a general statement of good will toward humanity. The International Bill of Rights tries to define in specific legal terms the minimum rights of human beings, and those nations ratifying it after it has been adopted by the U.N.—if it ever is adopted, and if any nations ever do ratify it—will be at least formally bound to respect its provisions. Baldwin is not surprised at the Soviet bloc's opposition, but he is distressed at finding himself in conflict with his own government. The League insists that if the International Bill of Rights is to mean anything, individuals and non-governmental organizations must be allowed to bring cases of alleged violation before the U.N. The State Department wants to limit such access to government bodies—and so does the Soviet Union—but since it is usually the governments themselves that are the offenders, Baldwin thinks such a limitation would reduce the whole thing to a hypocritical gesture. He is still fighting, but without much hope of success. The record of the U.N. on both human rights and freedom of information, the two issues that the League has given most attention to, is dispiriting to him. After almost five years of talk and study, the U.N. has not yet taken action on either, and the League had to note recently, concerning the second, that "the labors of U.N. commissions so far have tended to produce more restrictions than liberties."

"I MAY be a little immodest, but I think the Civil Liberties Union is in better repute than ever before," Baldwin remarked just before he retired as director. "We have moved from a position of suspected subversion to one of unexpected respectability. The times have caught up with us. We have not changed." The last remark is hardly true. "In the old days, we used to go into the coal fields or over to New Jersey and hold test meetings and get ourselves locked up," Arthur Garfield Hays has reminisced. "We were right in the front lines then. Now we file a brief. Governors speak at our dinners. I think we were a more effective organization before we became respectable. Hell, there was a time when we were all ex-jailbirds together!" Few of the present Board have prison records. Most are respectable lawyers or respectable liberals or both. The only members who by any stretching of the term might be called radicals are the aging Norman Thomas and the venerable John Haynes Holmes. In 1918, the conservative Albert DeSilver was the exception. Today, it is the Socialist Thomas. Over the coffee cups after dinner, a Board member recently tried to define the difference. "We don't lose our tempers about civil liberties any more," he said. "We treat the question in a gentlemanly way. And, practically speaking, I think it's good to have a predominantly conservative outfit, as the Union is today, defending the right of dissenters. More effective."

However that may be, the fact is that the American Civil Liberties Union has evolved into a worthy cause almost as sedate as the Children's Aid Society. "The Union began outside the legal system and in opposition to the government," observes Clifford Forster, the Union's special counsel, who was Baldwin's right-hand man from 1941 to 1950. "But in recent years it has gradually become assimilated into both." This is part of a general process of compromise, merging, and adjustment that has been going on in the nation since 1936. "Left" and "Right" have become ambiguous terms. Our politics, like our milk, are now homogenized. American capitalists compete with liberals in supporting the Bill of Rights—with a few reservations on both sides about national security in wartime. The Left also has become homogenized, or, in the sociologist's sometimes useful patter, institutionalized. Today even protests against the social system have become part of that system, just as the avant-garde in culture is now a battalion in the regular army. Picasso gets top prices for his pictures, the Museum of Modern Art deals on terms of perfect equality with the Metropolitan, T. S. Eliot writes a Broadway hit, and the Department of Justice has its Civil Rights Division, which defends the rights of some citizens while the rest of the department is busy taking away the rights of others. The Union's evolution has been part of a far-reaching historical process—as has Baldwin's own development, for that matter. But if the Left has become ideologically homogenized, it has also, from another standpoint, become overspecialized to the point of disintegration. Time was when the Union's world, together with the worlds of the political radicals, the avant-gardists in culture, and the Village bohemians, formed a Left universe whose inhabitants did a lot of interplanetary travelling. Figures like Max Eastman and Floyd Dell were active in all these worlds; even Baldwin used to publish "experimental" poetry. It was symbolic of this homogeneity—as opposed to homogenization—that in the early twenties Max Eastman's *Liberator* (the successor to the *Masses*) had its editorial offices in the same red brick building on West Thirteenth Street that Baldwin's Union occupied, while a few doors down the street were the offices of the *Dial*. In the thirties, Communism held things together for a while longer, but the foundation was unsound; the jerry-built structure began to creak with the Moscow trials, and finally fell apart after the Nazi-Soviet Pact. By now, "The Village" has become a geographical expression, and such avant-gardists and radicals as have escaped homogenization are not to be found around the Union, which, like almost everything else, has become both respectable and specialized. This trend, indicated by the recent predominance of lawyers on its Board, was formalized in 1950, when John Haynes Holmes was succeeded in the chairmanship by Ernest

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Angell. Holmes, pastor emeritus of the Community Church, is an old-style pacifistic liberal, while Angell is a Republican (homogenized) and a lawyer. The old order changeth, yielding place to new; the moralist is replaced by the specialist; Jeremiah and Savonarola have given way to the technicians of worthy causes. In this new world, Baldwin, a contradictory—or, in modern terms, ambivalent—person, is just as much and just as little at home as he was in the good old days of the twenties and thirties.—DWIGHT MACDONALD

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Baldwin.)

•

THE NEW AIR FORCE

[*Communication received by the commanding officer of a base hospital*]

WALKER AIR FORCE BASE EXCHANGE
Walker Air Force Base
Roswell, New Mexico

BAFE 331.3 · 3 April 1953
SUBJECT: Recovery of Soft Drink Bottles
To: Commanding Officer
Base Hospital
Walker Air Force Base
Roswell, New Mexico

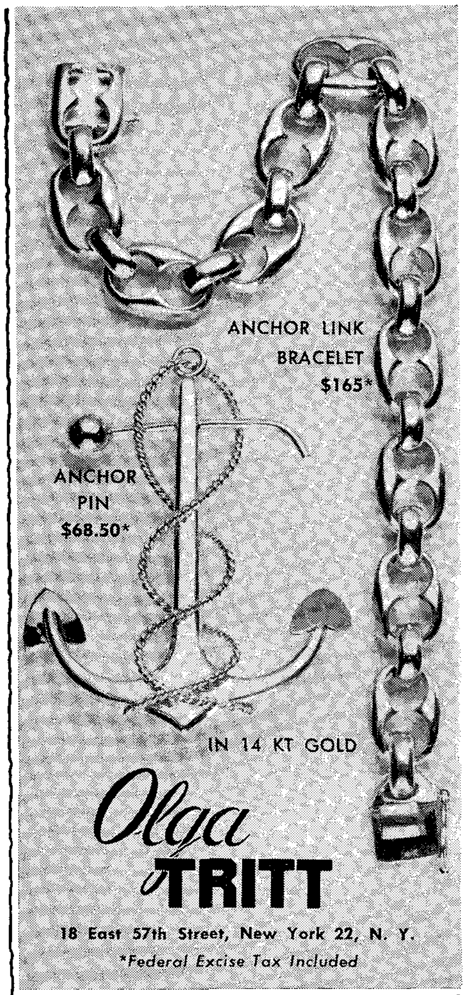
1. The large loss of soft drink bottles on this Base has become a matter of great concern. Many bottle machine locations show losses as high as forty (40) cases of empty coke bottles per month.

2. To stimulate interest in the recovery of soft drink bottles and Coca-Cola bottles in particular, the Base Exchange, in cooperation with the Coca-Cola Company, desires to sponsor a Base-wide contest which should result in the return of Coca-Cola bottles to the racks near the dispensers so that such bottles can be returned to service by the Coca-Cola Company.

3. Accordingly, effective 1 April 1953, the squadron with the lowest loss of bottles during the month of April, and each subsequent month thereafter until further notice, will be given a $25.00 contribution to its Unit Fund and a Coca-Cola Company electric wall-type clock. If the winning squadron does not desire the clock, it will have the opportunity of accepting a receipt as winner for the month. When the squadron has been a 3-time winner, the receipts can be turned in for a table model Coca-Cola Company radio. These radios are of excellent quality and will be most desirable for day rooms, etc. The $25.00 will be contributed monthly by the Base Exchange.

4. The winner for the month will be determined as that squadron having the lowest loss of bottles. Bottle loss will be computed on a percentage basis. The per cent of bottle losses will be arrived at by tallying the total number of full bottles inserted in the machines under your control during the month, and tallying empty bottles picked up by the Coca-Cola Company. Your percentage of loss factor will then be the number of empty bottles recovered as against the number of full bottles placed in the machine.

A. SMELSER, JR.
Major USAF
Base Exchange Officer



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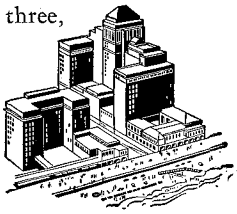

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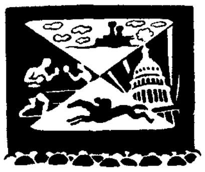
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Slit in the Oral Curtain



F. Hugh Herbert, author of the highly successful comedy called "The Moon Is Blue," has adapted his work for the movies, and the resulting product has caused a good deal of consternation among some of the outfits that keep a censorious eye on Hollywood creations. Mr. Herbert's gambol has to do with the adventures of a twenty-two-year-old maiden from Brooklyn after she is picked up on top of the Empire State Building by a young, handsome, and prosperous architect. Our heroine's virtue is unassailable but her chats with the architect are fairly outspoken, and the two of them kick around topics like virginity and seduction ad lib. In a medium that has employed language as a means of communication for only a couple of decades—and employed it mighty gingerly at that—this sort of stuff is almost heretical, but while Mr. Herbert has violated a lot of oral taboos, his farce is actually quite a bit tamer than some pictures I've seen that concentrated on the mute grapplings of lovers and lasses. What Mr. Herbert seems to be trying to tell us is that man's baser instincts quickly subside when confronted by real innocence, which is a noble theory and one I have believed in all my days.

Instead of badgering Mr. Herbert about the moral aspects of "The Moon Is Blue," it would be more to the point, I think, to carp about his notions of putting a movie together. No matter how sprightly dialogue may be, it shouldn't be allowed to stall the action, but in this case, all sorts of slowdowns are tolerated to permit the principals to give out with their views on life, love, and so on. However, as the photograph of a pleasant little comedy, the picture has some merit. In the role of the free-talking, if not free-thinking, heroine, Maggie McNamara hasn't quite the authority Barbara Bel Geddes gave the part on Broadway, but she does have her moments, and if, perhaps, she bats her eyes more often than is entirely necessary, she manages to convey the thought that a girl from Brooklyn can do a good job of kindling the love light in the eyes of gentlemen from Manhattan. Together with William Holden, the architect in the film, Miss McNamara shoulders most of the burden of keeping "The Moon Is Blue" alive. Periodically they are spelled by David Niven and Dawn Addams; Miss Addams is supposed to be an estranged fiancée of Mr. Holden's, and Mr. Niven is cast as her father. Their intrusion upon Mr. Holden when he is trying to make time with Miss McNamara supplies most of the complications. Mr. Niven is the jauntiest paterfamilias we've had around in a long while.

"The Band Wagon," like "The Moon Is Blue," talks too much for its own good, but to offset this wordiness it has some fine old songs (all of them by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz) and the ineffable dancing of Fred Astaire. This time out, Mr. Astaire has as his partner Cyd Charisse, and the plot has to do with the lady's difficulty in reconciling her ballet training with Mr. Astaire's tap and soft-shoe routines. She doesn't think much of nonclassical work, because her teacher and manager has convinced her that she is the second coming of Pavlova. Eventually, though, she is happily hoofing right alongside Mr. Astaire. I think you might ignore all this and wait for Mr. Astaire to do "A Shine on Your Shoes," "Dancing in the Dark," and a funny number about the activities of one of those private eyes who perform so incredibly in drugstore literature. Mr. Astaire does splendidly in tandem with Miss Charisse, and he also gets valuable help from Jack Buchanan and Nanette Fabray. Miss Fabray sings, among other things, "Louisiana Hayride," an old song that ought to induce the younger movie-lovers to poison that doggie in the window.

—John McCarten

•

The only practical test for Photon has been experimental publishing of a Rinehart & Co. book, The Wonderful World of Insects. It appeared a couple of months ago after 10½ months in production. A spokesman at Rinehart commented that several bugs had been encountered during the long production period.—*Printers' Ink.*

That's no mere spokesman, that's a real clown.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From a story about Woodstock in the Times*]

A run-down of these staples prompted a student of this town to observe matter-of-factly, "If a guy opened an ordinary shop around here, he'd probably get a palate thrown through his window."

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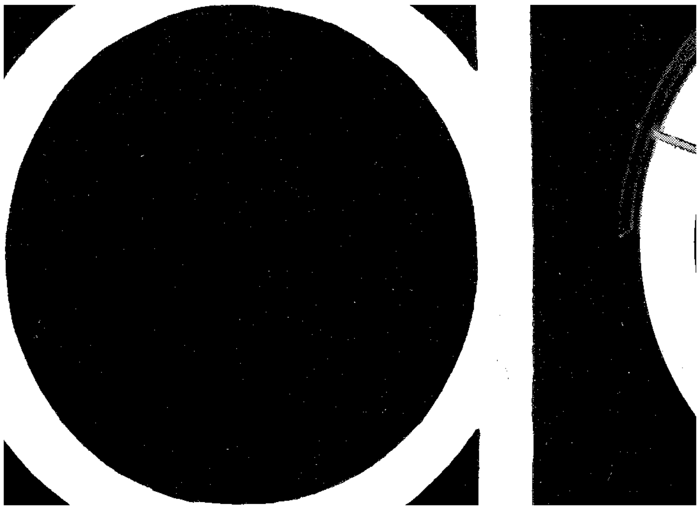

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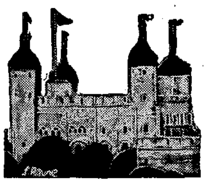
LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 8

THE British, who had been making a good many impatient remarks about the French political crisis and the empty third chair at the forthcoming Bermuda conference, were severely jolted to learn that the gathering was now minus a British Premier, not a French one. The shock of the news that Sir Winston Churchill needed rest was revealing. It had been cheerfully taken for granted that Churchill at seventy-eight could emerge fresh as a daisy from the numerous exhausting ceremonial occasions of the Coronation, the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' meetings that immediately followed it, and the enormous job of dealing (as British Prime Ministers, in the absence for any reason of their Foreign Secretaries, traditionally do deal) with the Foreign Office dispatch boxes, in addition to the routine business of the head of the Government. In his speeches on foreign policy since Mr. Eden's illness, Sir Winston (the new style, people say, still seems a bit odd, but they hope to get used to it during the next seventy-eight years or so) has probably had the whole country more solidly behind him than at any time since the war. Even with people who will firmly plump for Labour at the next elections, his stock has never been higher. Because he has appeared to be at the top of his most vigorous form and also because it is felt here that an Eisenhower-Churchill meeting is needed to straighten out a number of matters that seem urgently to need elucidation on both sides of the Atlantic, the month's postponement of the Bermuda meeting was not only a shock but a disappointment.



All the same, it is agreed that one more month may crystallize the various uncertainties that are now bedevilling the thoughts, wishful and otherwise, of most Britons as they peer east, peer west, and try to figure out how to chart their position from the new look of the Great Bear constellation in the international skies. At the moment, the most keenly discussed local political topic is the equally new look that Sir Winston's sudden admission to fatigue is likely to give his Government this autumn, when all the invalids are scheduled to return to Westminster. (Two or three other Conservative Ministers, for one reason or another, are also getting medical attention.) There was general approval of the recent appointment of Lord Salisbury as acting Foreign Secretary, and a strong section of opinion is urging his appointment to the full office, on the ground that a deputy's position is fairly weak at the best of times, which these aren't, and that he is unquestionably the ablest, most trusted candidate in sight—a good Eden man, suited to the post by both inherited brilliance and long experience. There would probably be some objections from the Labour benches to a Foreign Secretary's being in the House of Lords, and thus unable to appear on the mat of the House of Commons to give an account of his actions. If a permanent change in the handling of foreign affairs is made, the unofficial Cabinet-makers think that Mr. Eden will return as Leader of the House, a job in which his popularity and prestige with the Opposition, as well as with his own Party, would help along Parliamentary business all round, and that he will at the same time continue as Deputy Prime Minister.

THE health of the Government is better, apparently, than that of some of its top men. In May, the Conservatives yanked a seat from Labour at Sunderland, and now they have had a thumping victory—in which they increased their majority by nearly a thousand votes—in the by-election at Abingdon, in Berkshire. The interesting features of the Abingdon win were that Labour put up an extremely good candidate and a stiff fight, and that this mainly rural constituency now represents an increased Labour voting potential, because it takes in a sizable new slice of industrial workers, including the community at Harwell, the atomic-research station. There was nothing much in the Abingdon figures that Labour supporters could take comfort from, beyond saying that their pitch had been queered, as usual, by the anti-Conservative votes that went to the Liberal candidate, who came in nowhere, also as usual. Nor has anyone found much balm in a study of Labour's recently issued statement of home policy, "Challenge to Britain." It has been criticized by many Socialists as being pedestrian, wishy-washy, evasive, and unlikely to appeal to the man in the street and the woman in the kitchen, who are asked to whip up enthusiasm for renationalizing every denationalized industry, clapping on more controls, and accepting "the drastic Socialist measures which alone can

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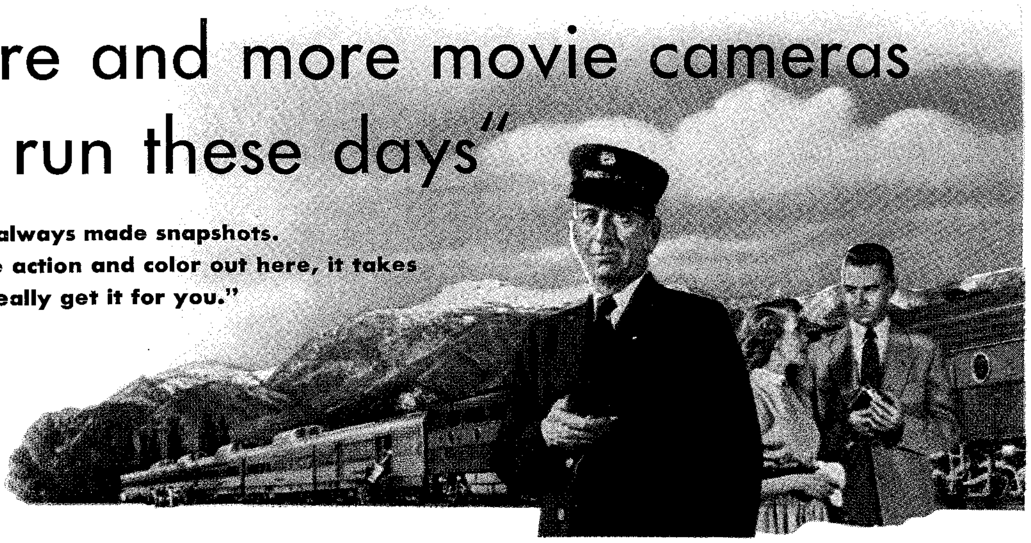

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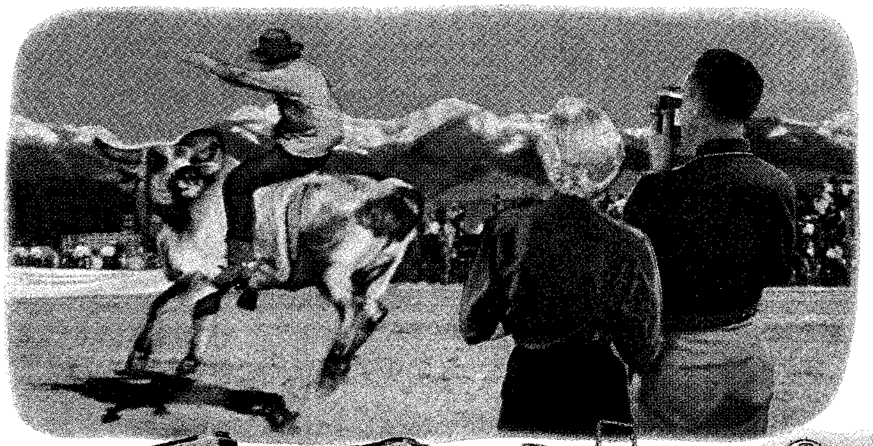

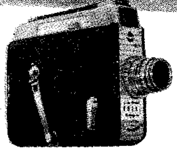

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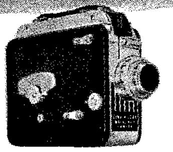

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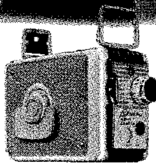

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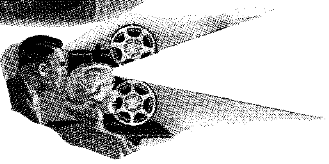

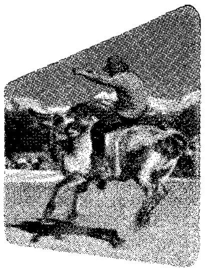

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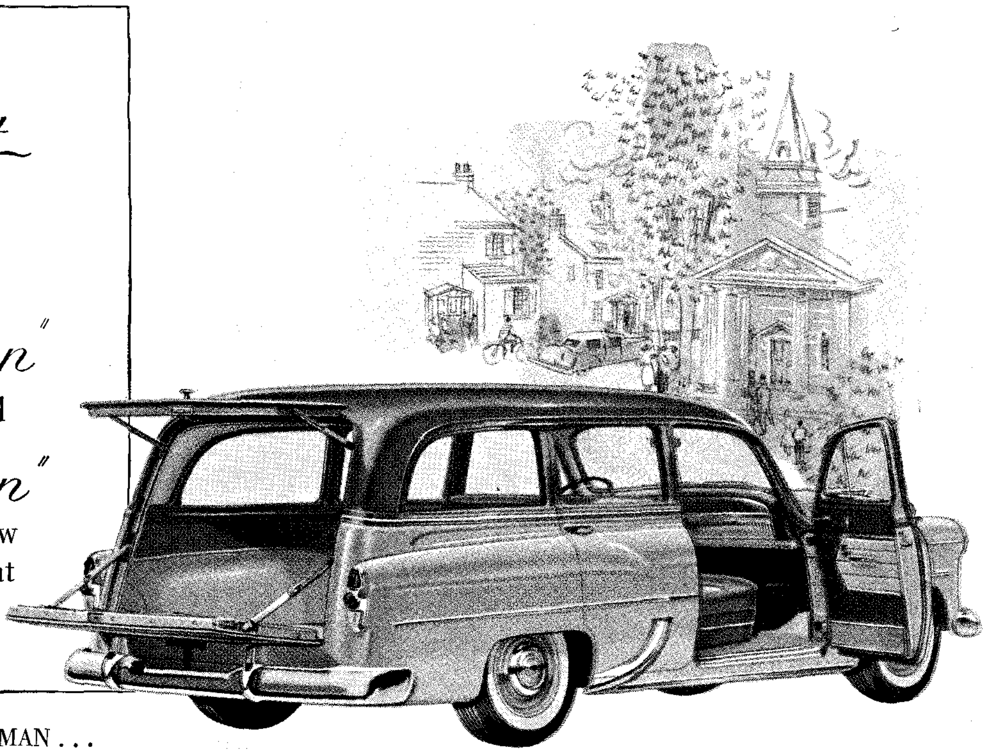

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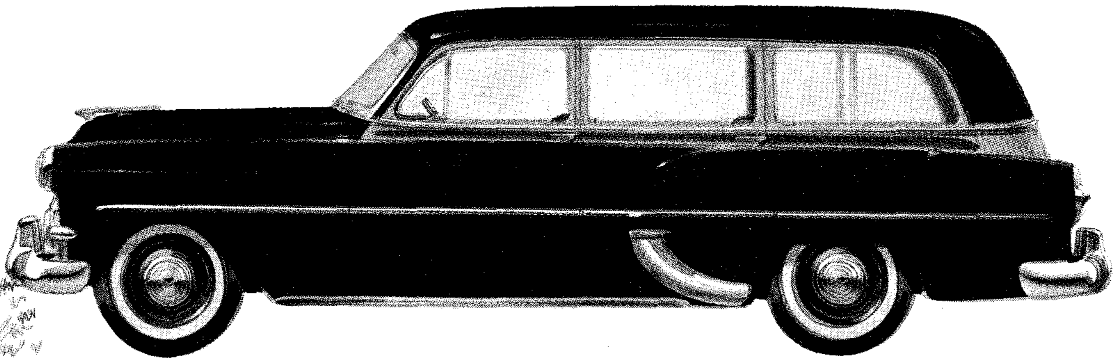

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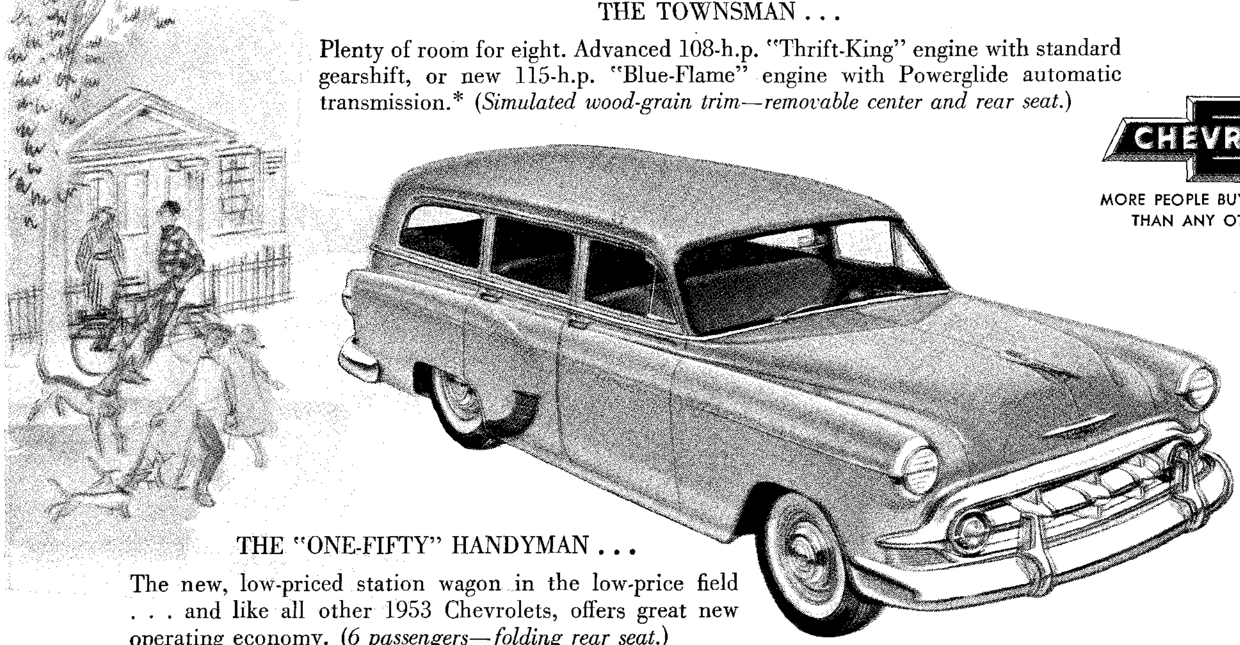

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A row over meat is about the only cloud floating up on this summer of Tory content at the moment. Though meat, or the shortage of it, in British diets has often caused public grumbles before, the present fuss is centered on a novel situation: The butcher shops are full of certain kinds of the stuff that are so low-grade the public won't buy them. The meat trade complains that through the Government's policy of buying whatever is lying around cheap in foreign larders, and overencouraging farmers to raise pigs, the customers are being faced with a glut of home-killed fat pork and imported elderly ewe mutton, both of which they are refusing, up and down the country, to sink teeth, coupons, or cash in. The Minister of Food, Major Gwilym Lloyd-George, has said that these unpopular meats can be sold off the ration, but there are likely to be few takers even so. The butchers have just laid down their choppers, folded their arms, and told the Minister straight out that he ought to abolish rationing and price controls and let the old hands manage the buying and marketing, so that housewives can pay more for better cuts or less for inferior ones, as they choose. This dispute between the trade and the Government is good news, in a way, because it sharply marks the end of the time when housewives meekly queued up and paid for anything the butchers liked to give them. For millions of these harassed providers, smartly telling their tyrant to take back his ewe has been a rare, stimulating luxury.

THE theatres, packed with the visitors who are still turning up to catch a bit of the Coronation aftermath, are doing good business. Possibly the best thing in town is the revival of "The Apple Cart," with Noel Coward, as King Magnus, wearing a streamlined uniform and perfectly timing a lot of crisp Coward lines that happen to have been written by Shaw. He and Margaret Leighton, as his fascinating mistress who cannot understand why Magnus likes her only as a delicious side dish to his safe, nutritious, married bread and butter, play their famous scene together while rummaging over the elegant surface of a sofa that could easily accommodate an entire seraglio. Shaw's play, which was first produced here in 1929 and is set in the England of the last few decades of the twentieth century, has worn so well that much of

Korea . . . 1953
"I found them in the streets . . ."

Pusan, March 25, 1953. "I found them in the streets. The red dust and foul smell of the war torn and overcrowded city enveloped them. The courage and strength of her people and the weight of the world was in the little girl's eyes. Her physical burden did not seem too heavy for her to carry. She told me her father had been killed in the evacuation from the north and that her mother was sick. She had taken her little brother with her to beg for the day's food. I went home with her . . . home was a corner of the railroad station where her mother lay on a bundle of rags. Find Foster Parents for the children at once, please. It will mean the difference between life for this whole little family or death by starvation." Thus writes Robert W. Sage, our Director in Korea.

There are thousands of children like Kim Tae Ok aged 4, and her 11 months old brother, Kim Pyong Ju living in the deepest misery of the war in Korea. They have known nothing but hunger, cold and terror. Your help can mean hope and security . . . food, clothing and a place to live. The Plan is dedicated to peace in a world where our children will have to live with these children. We need your help to help them!

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will immediately be sent the case history and picture of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. Your relationship with "your" child is on a most personal level . . . we do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, education and medical care according to his/her needs. "Your" child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent, and correspondence through our office is encouraged. At once the child is touched by love and the knowledge that someone cares. The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Western Germany and Korea and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Department of State.

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it in 1953 sounds like prophecy fulfilled—for instance, King Magnus's fearing that England will be drawn willy-nilly under American domination, which is exactly what plenty of non-royal British do indeed fear today.

Another sellout success is Graham Greene's "The Living Room," though it is perhaps strange that this has hit the popular fancy. It is a gloomy variation on Greene's favorite theme of sin and the wayfaring soul—this time that of a young Catholic girl. The struggle between the Church, personified by a crippled priest who is the girl's uncle, and the flesh, personified by the singularly futile married man who becomes her lover, ends in failure for both lovers and her despairing suicide. What has drawn London to it is the sincere, pathetic performance of a young actress named Dorothy Tutin as the unhappy victim.

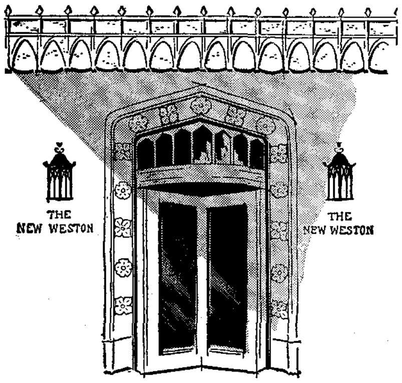
THE Arts Council has put on at the New Burlington Galleries, as its special Coronation exhibition, a show of paintings called "British Life," which is like a gossipy ramble through the well-to-do social history of the three and a half centuries between the two Elizabeths. As a view of national habits and hobbies, it may be somewhat one-sided, but it is genial. The British dropped in on at home, in their gardens, on their cricket fields, strolling proudly beside their sea, or fondling their glossy, well-fed horses and spaniels mostly look pretty glossy and well fed, too. The British love of a good murder is noted in some grim little plates from a book called "The Tyburn Chronicle," among them one of an eighteenth-century murderess who planned to boil her husband's head to dispose of the evidence. The national fondness for music turns up in several pictures, notably a wonderful Johann Zoffany of the large and handsome Sharp family (it included the famous abolitionist Granville Sharp, who won at the Court of King's Bench a decision that any slave who touched English soil became free) afloat on the Thames and playing a variety of instruments, among them a harpsichord and a complicated antique wind instrument called a serpent, which they have taken along on their harmonious water picnic.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

The St. Lawrence county board of supervisors discussed Saturday the possibility of spraying more thoroughly next year to rid the county of ten caterpillars.—*Watertown (N.Y.) Times.*

At least they know the enemy's strength.



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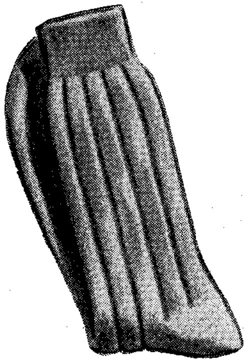

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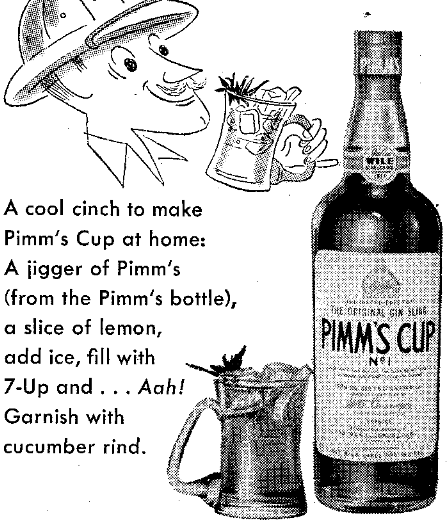

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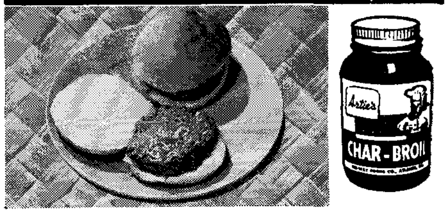

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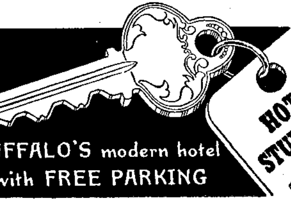

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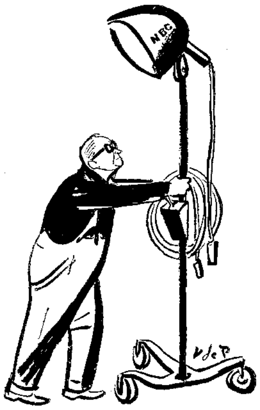
TELEVISION

Mr. Jefferson

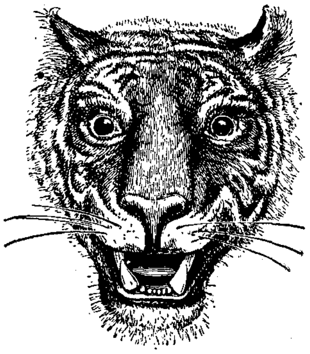
GENERALLY speaking, historical dramas on television turn out to be fairly boring affairs. For one thing, the actors are usually encumbered with such unfamiliar costumes that they find it hard to concentrate on their lines, and have to spend a good deal of time just getting on and off the sets without waddling or stumbling. Put the average television actor into a pair of knee breeches, say, and hang one of those Colonial collars around his neck, and give him a coat with ruffles down around the wrists, and the poor fellow is about as mobile as Grand Coulee Dam. For another thing, the prose in historical dramas tends to be rather densely historical. People don't knock on the door of a house and say, "May I come in?" They are more likely to say, "Good morning, Madam. A fate far beyond my control, or, indeed, the control of any mere mortal, has brought me on this fair eighteenth day of June, 1793—a day filled with a significance far beyond our poor ken—to your humble abode. Pray, may I enter?" For still another thing, there is rarely any drama in a historical drama. People are always on the verge of performing some immense feat of world-shattering import, but they hardly ever get around to it. They just talk about it, historically.



All this is incidental to saying that there are exceptions to the rule, all right, and that one of the exceptions, a historical drama called "The Independent Mr. Jefferson," came along a week ago Sunday, on N.B.C. "The Independent Mr. Jefferson" arrived under highly respectable auspices. Filmed in Chicago, the program was produced by N.B.C. in collaboration with the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, which had, as I understand it, received a grant for the project from the Ford Foundation. The program was distinguished from the average historical drama by the fact that a lot of fine things were said about freedom to dissent and freedom to think as one wishes. They were said boldly, clearly, and without equivocation, too.

"The Independent Mr. Jefferson" first shows us Thomas Jefferson arriving, sometime in May, 1776, at the house of Jacob Graff, a bricklayer who lives on the corner of Market and Seventh Streets in Philadelphia. Mr. Jefferson has come to Philadelphia as a delegate to the Second Continental Congress. He is looking for lodgings at the Graffs'. He carries with him very little baggage—a violin, a writing box, and copies of books by Milton, Locke, and Newton. The better part of his luggage is in his head, and consists of a number of remarkable notions about the rights of man in a free society. Some of these notions are quickly made apparent, since the Graffs, man and wife, question him rather closely before renting him rooms. They are cautious folk and won't rent rooms to just anybody, especially in *these* troublous times, what with Tories in the neighborhood, and so on. Mr. Graff wonders whether Jefferson believes in God. "Surely this is a matter between God and me," says Jefferson. "What is your denomination?" asks Graff. "Very well, Mr. Graff," says Jefferson. "I have no formal creed. I belong to no party, neither political, religious, philosophical. If I could not go to Heaven but with a party, I would not go at all." "Be careful, Mr. Jefferson," chimes in Mrs. Graff. "You risk damnation!" "No, Mrs. Graff," says Jefferson. "I believe that God approves the open homage of reason rather than the blindfold homage of fear and superstition. I can only say to you that I believe in God and have faith in reason." Mr. Jefferson is granted lodgings.

He settles down, as he says, "with the baggage of my inheritance," and turns to the great task of drafting a Declaration of Independence for the Colonies. All sorts of persuasive influences are brought to bear upon him to dissuade him from his work, the most persistent of them being voiced by John Dickinson, also a member of the Congress. Dickinson feels that to sever the bonds with the mother country is a horrible mistake, tantamount to treason. Jefferson does not believe what Dickinson believes, but passionately believes in his right to say it. They have many long and incisive discussions. "The American people will find their beginning in revolt and in diversity,"



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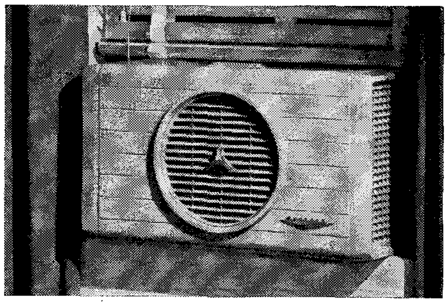

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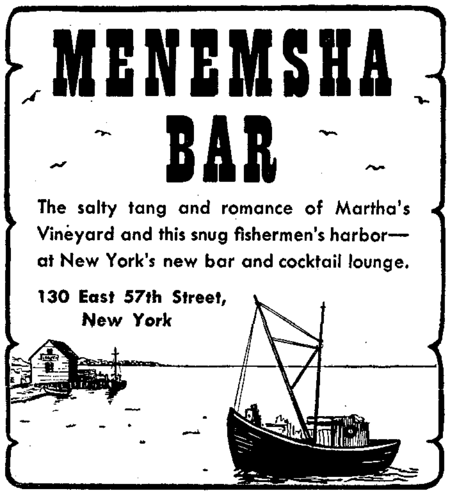
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says Jefferson. "Let us praise diversity. . . . Would the world be more beautiful if our faces were alike? If all our tempers, talents, tastes—our forms, our wishes, aversions, and pursuits—were cast exactly in the same mold, what shall we build? An America without variety? Where all are to think alike? . . . Let us fire a cannon against the jailors of all ages, the intellectual prison keepers, the civil magistrates, and the religious zealots who enforce their dogmas upon those unwilling to receive them. Let us say to them: Whose foot is to be the measure to which ours are all to be cut or stretched?" Jefferson is forced to make compromises in his Declaration—for one thing, he is forced to remove a clause condemning the slave trade—but at last the document is completed, and is signed by every member of the Congress except Mr. Dickinson.

There was, admittedly, barely any action in "The Independent Mr. Jefferson," most of the play taking place in one room of the Graffs' house, but I found the dialogue sufficiently compelling to make up for the lack of movement. The script was written by Morton Wishengrad and Robert Hartman, and was based on historical research by Dumas Malone, the Jefferson historian. The actors—William Prince, as Jefferson; Henry Jones, as Dickinson; Robin Humphrey, as Mrs. Graff; Jack Lester, as Graff; and Don Julian, as a Negro servant of Jefferson's—were all commendable, especially Mr. Prince, who spoke his lines as though he fervently believed every word of them. All in all, a noteworthy achievement.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

BIRTH RECORD

A son, to Mr. and Mrs. William J. O'Brien, 158 W. Gibson St., in Thompson Hospital June 10, 1953.

A daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Wolack, Holcomb, in Thompson Hospital June 10, 1953.

A son, to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley W. Hayward, Holcomb, in Thompson Hospital June 10, 1953.

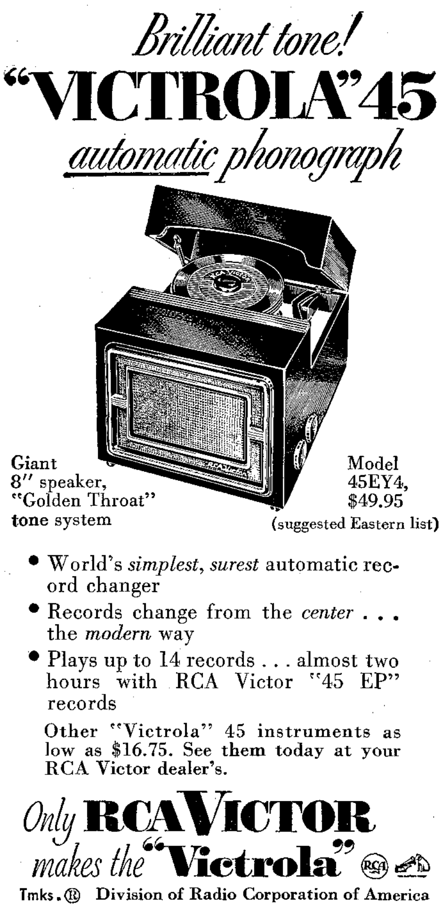
The gestation period for rabbits is about one month.—*Canandaigua (N.Y.) Messenger.*

Well, you needn't rub it in.

•

Mrs. Nixon is accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Martha Gibbons. They both live in Whittier, Cal. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Woolf here. Mrs. Gibbons' husband is an inch of Woolf.
—*Indianapolis News.*

Just give the news, please.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THE RACE TRACK

Triple Crowned

FOR one who from time to time has waved a small flag for the Greentree Stable's Tom Fool, it would be hard to imagine a more satisfactory race than the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend. What made it especially delightful was that in winning it he finished a clean sweep of the more important local events for older horses. Although many topnotchers have tried, Tom Fool is the first in forty years to win the Metropolitan, the Suburban, and the Brooklyn in the same season. He threw in the Carter Handicap, too—for lagniappe, I daresay.

Considered simply as a good show, the Brooklyn Handicap wasn't a patch on Tom Fool's Suburban; you're lucky if you see a race like that once in a decade. Nevertheless, the Brooklyn was noteworthy, because he carried a hundred and thirty-six pounds, the most a winner ever carried in the race, and gave from twenty-six to thirty-one pounds to his opposition. It was fascinating, too, to watch him gallop along behind Golden Gloves for the first half of the mile and a quarter, then step out fast for a furlong, and finish as if he enjoyed it. Later, Atkinson, his rider, remarked that he had seemed to be tiring a little in the stretch, but Wall, who rode Golden Gloves, said, "You just can't beat a horse like that, no matter what the weights are." No doubt Tom Fool could go on beating Golden Gloves, and the likes of him, until kingdom come, for he looks as sleek and fit as he did in April, but I'm happy to report that he's going to have a rest. His next engagements are in the Wilson Stakes and the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga next month; he'll probably have walkovers in both.

If you'd care for a statistic or two, the Brooklyn was Tom Fool's sixth victory in as many starts this year. Altogether, he has run twenty-six times, won seventeen races, finished second in seven, and been out of the money only once. (That was at Arlington Park, about a year ago.) Also, if you had wagered two dollars to win on him every time he ran this season, you'd be $10.20 richer. Not quite El Dorado, but more profitable than if you had put the same kind of bet on Native Dancer, this department's other favorite. A flutter on the Dancer this season—and he has won six out of seven—would have netted you exactly two dollars.

Native Dancer faces a tall order in the Classic at Arlington Park this weekend. What worries me isn't that he must give Jamie K. six pounds (he could give Jamie K. twelve pounds and a beating); it's that somehow or other even the best horses from the East don't run well over those Chicago tracks. However, I've made a small votive offering to the powers, and I'm sitting with my fingers crossed. By the way, what do you suppose happened to Jamie K. in the Myrtlewood Handicap out there last Saturday? He came in tenth in a field of eleven.

Incidentally, the hex that lays hold of the heels of travelling racers caught up with Royal Vale, who went to California last week to run for the Hollywood Gold Cup. Even though the management provided all the comforts of home—including spring water, specially flown in for him, to replace the local water—he finished out of the money, lengths behind Royal Serenade, an English sprinter owned by Max Bell, of Calgary, and ridden by Longden. When I was at Delaware Park recently, Jim Ryan, who trains Royal Vale, ticked off on his fingers the horses he figured he had to beat in the Hollywood Gold Cup. As an afterthought, he said, "You know, there's one in there I haven't mentioned. I had a chance to buy him at the time I bought Royal Vale. Maybe I should have. His name is Royal Serenade." Maybe he should have.

WITHOUT meaning to boast too much, and yet with a slight smugness, I'd like to call your attention again to Fisherman, whom I was praising last week. The other afternoon, in the Great American Stakes at Aqueduct, he got away next to last and didn't buckle down until he was nearly around the turn for home, but when he did, he went on to win comfortably, by lengths. Fisherman is a good-looking fellow—dark brown, almost black, slightly less than medium size but beautifully made—and when he's going at top speed, he reminds you of his papa, Phalanx. That's good enough for me.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

8:45—WABC, Literary Greats, Sean O'Casey Reading Scenes from "Juno and the Paycheck."—*The Post.*

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A GAME OF CATCH

Monk and Glennie were playing catch on the side lawn of the firehouse when Scho caught sight of them. They were good at it, for seventh-graders, as anyone could see right away. Monk, wearing a catcher's mitt, would lean easily sidewise and back, with one leg lifted and his throwing hand almost down to the grass, and then lob the white ball straight up into the sunlight. Glennie would shield his eyes with his left hand and, just as the ball fell past him, snag it with a little dart of his glove. Then he would burn the ball straight toward Monk, and it would spank into the round mitt and sit, like a still-life apple on a plate, until Monk flipped it over into his right hand and, with a negligent flick of his hanging arm, gave Glennie a fast grounder.

They were going on and on like that, in a kind of slow, mannered, luxurious dance in the sun, their faces perfectly blank and entranced, when Glennie noticed Scho dawdling along the other side of the street and called hello to him. Scho crossed over and stood at the front edge of the lawn, near an apple tree, watching.

"Got your glove?" asked Glennie after a time. Scho obviously hadn't.

"You could give me some easy grounders," said Scho. "But don't burn 'em."

"All right," Glennie said. He moved off a little, so the three of them formed a triangle, and they passed the ball around for about five minutes, Monk tossing easy grounders to Scho, Scho throwing to Glennie, and Glennie burning them in to Monk. After a while, Monk began to throw them back to Glennie once or twice before he let Scho have his grounder, and finally Monk gave Scho a fast, bumpy grounder that hopped over his shoulder and went into the brake on the other side of the street.

"Not so hard," called Scho as he ran across to get it.

"You should've had it," Monk shouted.

It took Scho a little while to find the ball among the ferns and dead leaves, and when he saw it, he grabbed it up and threw it toward Glennie. It struck the trunk of the apple tree, bounced back at an angle, and rolled steadily and stupidly onto the cement apron in front of the firehouse, where one of the trucks was parked. Scho ran hard and stopped it just before it rolled under the truck, and this time he carried it back to his former position on the lawn and threw it carefully to Glennie.

"I got an idea," said Glennie. "Why don't Monk and I catch for five minutes more, and then you can borrow one of our gloves?"

"That's all right with me," said Monk. He socked his fist into his mitt, and Glennie burned one in.

"All right," Scho said, and went over and sat under the tree. There in the shade he watched them resume their skillful play. They threw lazily fast or lazily slow—high, low, or wide—and always handsomely, their expressions serene, changeless, and forgetful. When Monk missed a low backhand catch, he walked indolently after the ball and, hardly even looking, flung it sidearm for an imaginary put-out. After a good while of this, Scho said, "Isn't it five minutes yet?"

"One minute to go," said Monk, with a fraction of a grin.

Scho stood up and watched the ball slap back and forth for several minutes more, and then he turned and pulled himself up into the crotch of the tree.

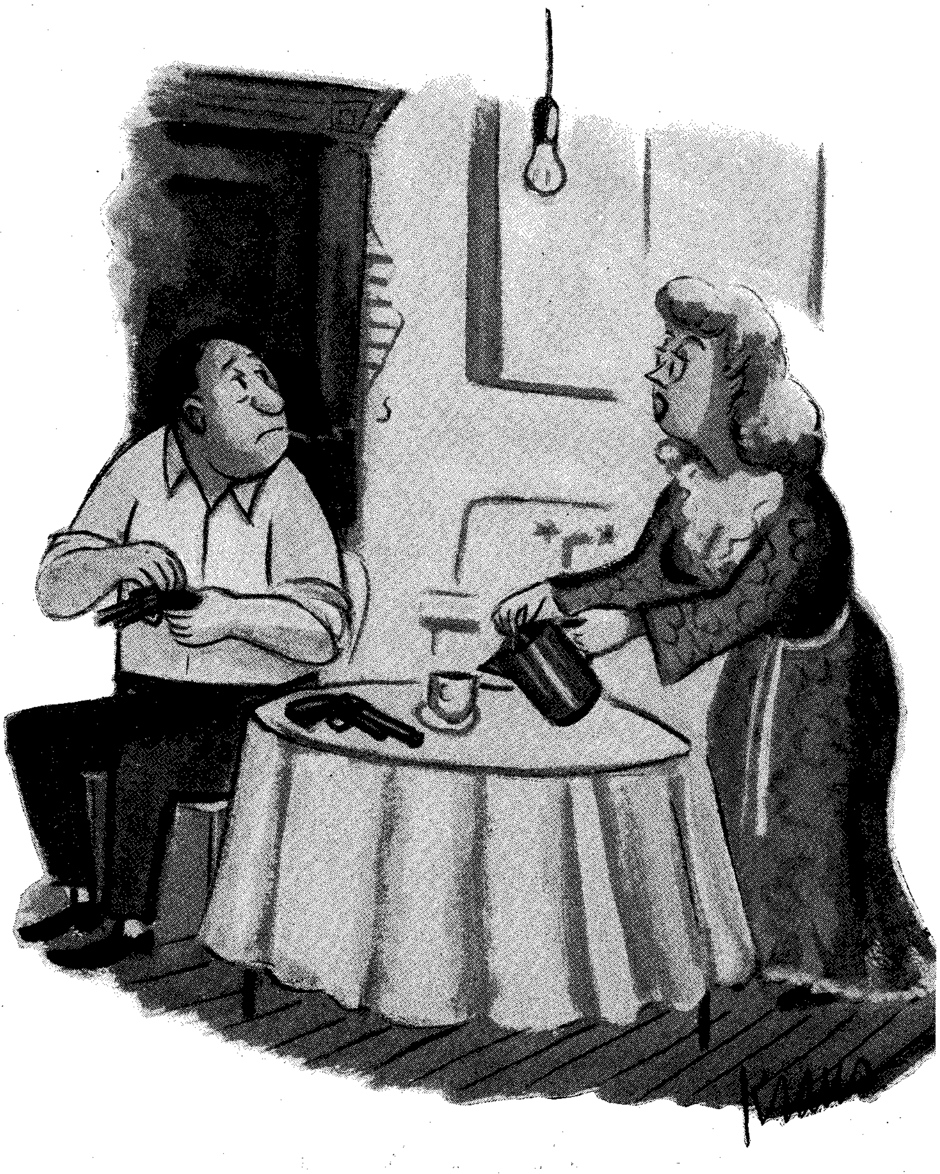
"Where you going?" Monk asked.

"Just up the tree," Scho said.

"I guess he doesn't want to catch," said Monk.

Scho went up and up through the fat light-gray branches until they grew slender and bright and gave under him. He found a place where several supple branches were knit to make a dangerous chair, and sat there with his head coming out of the leaves into the sunlight. He could see the two other boys down below, the ball going back and forth between them as if they were bowling on the grass, and Glennie's crew-cut head looking like a sea urchin.

"I found a wonderful seat up here," Scho said loudly. "If I don't fall out."



"Well, if it doesn't pay, why don't you go into something else?"

Monk and Glennie didn't look up or comment, and so he began jouncing gently in his chair of branches and singing "Yo-ho, heave ho" in an exaggerated way.

"Do you know what, Monk?" he announced in a few moments. "I can make you two guys do anything I want. Catch that ball, Monk! Now you catch it, Glennie!"

"I was going to catch it anyway," Monk suddenly said. "You're not making anybody do anything when they're already going to do it anyway."

"I made you say what you just said," Scho replied joyfully.

"No, you didn't," said Monk, still throwing and catching but now less serenely absorbed in the game.

"That's what I wanted you to say," Scho said.

The ball bounded off the rim of Monk's mitt and plowed into a gladiolus bed beside the firehouse, and Monk ran to get it while Scho jounced in his treetop and sang, "I wanted you to miss that. Anything you do is what I wanted you to do."

"Let's quit for a minute," Glennie suggested.

"We might as well, until the peanut gallery shuts up," Monk said.

THEY went over and sat cross-legged in the shade of the tree. Scho looked down between his legs and saw them on the dim, spotty ground, saying nothing to one another. Glennie soon began abstractedly spinning his glove between his palms; Monk pulled his nose and stared out across the lawn.

"I want you to mess around with your nose, Monk," said Scho, giggling. Monk withdrew his hand from his face.

"Do that with your glove, Glennie," Scho persisted. "Monk, I want you to pull up hunks of grass and chew on it."

Glennie looked up and saw a self-delighted, intense face staring down at him through the leaves. "Stop being a dope and come down and we'll catch for a few minutes," he said.

Scho hesitated, and then said, in a tentatively mocking voice, "That's what I wanted you to say."

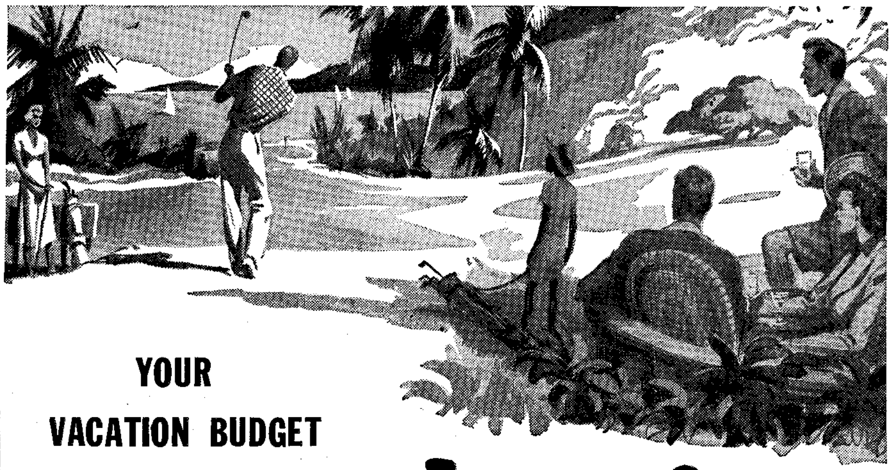
"All right, then, nuts to you," said Glennie.

"Why don't you keep quiet and stop bothering people?" Monk asked.

"I made you say that," Scho replied, softly.

"Shut up," Monk said.

"I made you say that, and I want



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you to be standing there looking sore. And I want you to climb up the tree. I'm making you do it!"

Monk was scrambling up through the branches, awkward in his haste, and getting snagged on twigs. His face was furious and foolish, and he kept telling Scho to shut up, shut up, shut up, while the other's exuberant and panicky voice poured down upon his head.

"*Now* you shut up or you'll be sorry," Monk said, breathing hard as he reached up and threatened to shake the cradle of slight branches in which Scho was sitting.

"I *want*—" Scho screamed as he fell. Two lower branches broke his rustling, crackling fall, but he landed on his back with a deep thud and lay still, with a strangled look on his face and his eyes clenched. Glennie knelt down and asked breathlessly, "Are you O.K., Scho? Are you O.K.?," while Monk swung down through the leaves crying that honestly he hadn't even touched him, the crazy guy just let go. Scho doubled up and turned over on his right side, and now both the other boys knelt beside him, pawing at his shoulder and begging to know how he was.

Then Scho rolled away from them and sat partly up, still struggling to get his wind but forcing a species of smile onto his face.

"I'm sorry, Scho," Monk said. "I didn't mean to make you fall."

Scho's voice came out weak and gravelly, in gasps. "I meant—you to do it. You—had to. You can't do—anything—unless I want—you to."

Glennie and Monk looked helplessly at him as he sat there, breathing a bit more easily and smiling fixedly, with tears in his eyes. Then they picked up their gloves and the ball, walked over to the street, and went slowly away down the sidewalk, Monk punching his fist into the mitt, Glennie juggling the ball between glove and hand.

From under the apple tree, Scho, still bent over a little for lack of breath, croaked after them in triumph and misery, "I want you to do whatever you're going to do for the whole rest of your life!" —RICHARD WILBUR

•

YVONNE DE CARLO and Rock Hudson in "Sea Devils," which opens next Thursday at the RKO Boston. Filmed in Technicolor, the movie tells the story of two people who become involved in international intrigue during the time of Napoleon's invasion of Britain.—*Photograph caption in the Boston Globe.*

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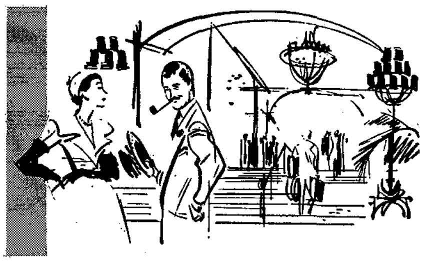

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